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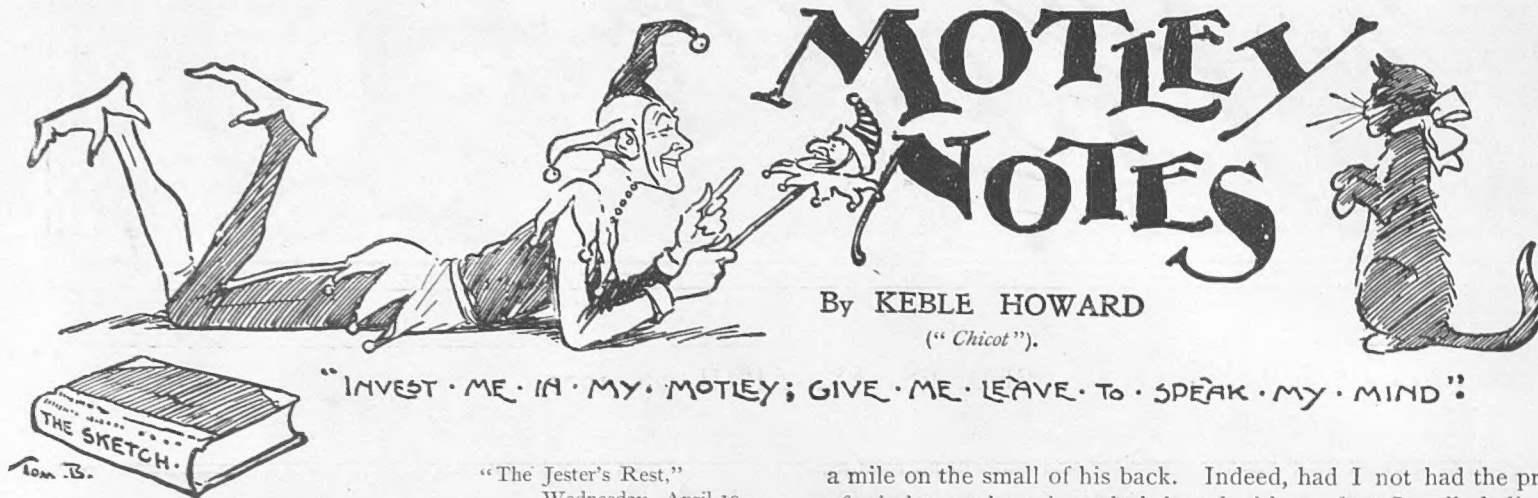
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE HEROINE OF A THOUSAND AND ONE PHOTOGRAPHS: MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



"The Jester's Rest,"
Wednesday, April 19.

FOR certain reasons, at which I hinted last week, I am taking a brief holiday now instead of after Easter. The plan has its advantages. My landlord, for example, can sit and chat with me this evening without being called away, twenty times an hour, to get more beer from the cellar. My landlady is her own smiling, smooth-haired, complacent self, whereas next Monday she will be a flustered old lady with a fringe awry and a puzzled brain. London, of course, will be rather crowded next week, but the crowd will be made up, for the most part, of gentle, wide-eyed country-folk, who will ask me the way from Charing Cross to the Strand, and from Piccadilly Circus to Regent Street. There is a peculiar pleasure—and one that seldom falls to my lot—in being able to direct people from one part of London to another. I have often been compensated in that way for having to be in town during August, and I am sure that my red-cheeked, early-morning friends will not fail me next week. I give myself a good many airs when they approach me, just to show that I am a real Londoner. In my heart, though, I am envying them their wondering, fascinated stares. It is not so many years since I, in my turn, found music in the roar of the traffic and a matchless panorama in the movement of the streets. To-day I feel that, from this window-seat, I can see quite as much of the world as is necessary.

By the way, I saw quite a pretty little slice of the world last Sunday. We ran quietly out of London just as the bells were calling the righteous to repentance, and the car—you will observe that I do not, in emulation of Little Claus, say my car—was in sweet condition. She skipped in and out of the electric-trams as lithely as a great cat, and purred pleasingly as she sank from crest to hollow and ran again to crest. When she found it necessary to pass a sister car that had taken the road earlier in the day, she did it in so gracious, so lady-like, so insinuating a manner that nobody could have suspected her of travelling twenty to thirty odd miles above the legal limit. As she passed, she would murmur a polite reference to the beauty of the weather, or breathe a shy, smiling apology for being in such excellent form. In consequence, we made many friends on the road. Everybody tried to be particularly kind to us, especially some gentlemen who waved pretty red flags and shouted such mystic, fragmentary warnings as "In the wood!" or "Just outside Crawley!" The riddles were solved, however, when we discovered, both in the wood and just outside Crawley, intelligent-looking police-officers with stop-watches in one hand and the end of a snaky electric-wire in the other. Out of compliment to their intelligence, we made a point of passing them at the rate of four to six miles an hour, mentioning, as we slid by, that there might possibly be a slight shower before nightfall.

We lunched at Brighton, and then, just to humour the car, ran across to Eastbourne for tea. There are twenty-five miles between Eastbourne and Brighton, and our driver apologised for spending forty-five good minutes on them. We accepted his apology, partly because the road is bad, and partly because we knew that he was rarely able to negotiate Lewes without adding some item of literary interest to his licence. At Eastbourne we picked up another passenger, and I, just to show my contempt for my tailor, journeyed back to Brighton on the footboard. Once again we got through Lewes without trouble, and yet managed to save a minute or two on the forty-five. We might easily have been longer, for, on one occasion during the run, we took a sharp turn to the right so daintily that the present writer, who happened to be saying something humorous about the sunset at the moment, travelled three-quarters of

a mile on the small of his back. Indeed, had I not had the presence of mind to grab at the splash-board with my feet, I really believe that I should have bounced off the road into a farmyard. It is quite possible, though, that one of the other fellows, looking down presently, would have missed me.

It was too early for dinner when we came, for the second time, to Brighton, and so we let her take us as far as Chichester. I had never been to Chichester before, and it struck me as being a charming old town. Some day I shall hope to pay a more leisurely visit, for it is utterly impossible to appreciate the full beauty of an old-world place like that, teeming with quaint architecture and historical associations, in seventeen-and-a-half seconds. My host, however, was so interested in lowering the Brighton to Portsmouth record that I had not the heart to interrupt him. He did it easily enough, of course, and then we washed our hands and had dinner.

The clocks of Southsea were just striking the hour of midnight when we gave the car her head and told her to get along home. The moon was very nearly at the full, and our big centre-lamp kept us constantly informed of everything that was happening a quarter-of-a-mile ahead. Many a peevish peasant, I suspect, sat up in bed as we flashed past his cottage, rubbed his eyes, and made the usual uncomplimentary references to Monday. For my part, I began to nod soon after leaving Petersfield, and Guildford found me fast asleep. I was rather amused, when I woke up, to think that I had been peacefully slumbering in a motor-car travelling at fifty miles an hour along devious, narrow, semi-illuminated roads. At the same time, I was glad that I had not volunteered to make that part of the journey on the footboard. It must be horrid to wake up and find yourself in the very heart of a hayrick.

The Londoner who cannot manage to get away from town for Easter week should refresh himself with the advertisements in the daily papers of seaside and country lodgings. It is surprising what an invigorating effect these enticing catalogues can make on the reader with imagination. Take, for example, the following advertisement, selected at random—

EASTER festivities. Yorkshire. Stately old mansion. Large Easter party. Dances. Concerts. Indoor badminton. Croquet. Tennis. Extensive lawns. Golf park. Bracing air. Grand country. Liberal table. Free drives. Five shillings daily.

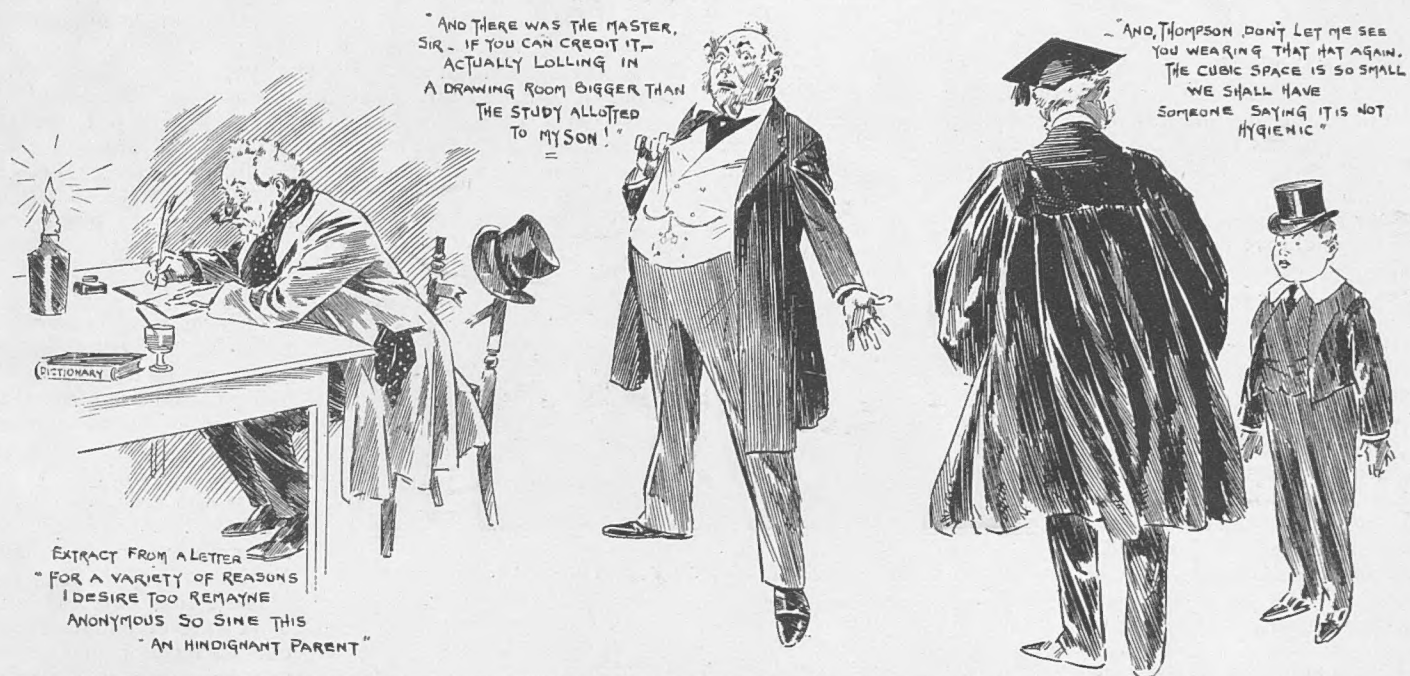
Are you not thrilled, weary labourer in the City vineyard, at the thought of playing badminton in a stately old mansion, the while a large Easter party, rendered irrepressibly skittish by the bracing air, is dancing and singing, or making wild rushes from the extensive lawns or the golf park to take twice its money's worth out of the liberal table?

Here's another—

GUESTS RECEIVED by young, merry couple. Tennis, croquet, dog-cart, station, cows, poultry. Healthy. One guinea to two guineas, according to requirements.

Cannot you picture that merry couple standing on the door-step of their healthy home, waiting to receive the guests? In the foreground are the tennis and croquet lawns, lavishly strewn with racquets, mallets, hoops, and the rest of the paraphernalia. To the right, glistening in the afternoon sun, is the dog-cart; whilst to the left, peeping shyly over a crumbling, ivy-covered wall, are the cows. In the middle distance the patient poultry are fattening themselves for your table; and in the far distance, but not too far for the dog-cart, you may observe the station. There you are! For one guinea you can play croquet and feed the hens; for two guineas you may play tennis and milk the cows. Think on these luxuries, jaded town-dweller, and—get on with your work!

"THE MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS": THE HUMOUR OF IT.



THE CLUBMAN.

Our Street-Manners—Thomas Atkins and his Meals—A Novel Reason for Teetotalism—A Proposed Night-Fête Before the Prince of Wales in India.

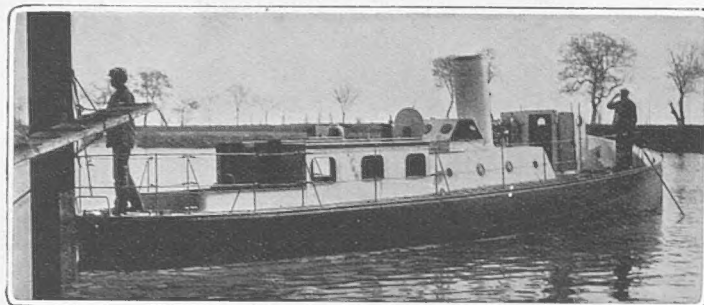
THE *Lancet* thinks that our street-manners are growing worse and worse, and instances our habit of walking on the wrong side of the street, and the way in which we carry our umbrellas and sticks, with the points thrust out before us or behind, like bayonets. If this bayonet-exercise really is a danger, we must make one more concession to the *entente cordiale* and carry our rain-shades and sticks as a Frenchman always carries his, his hand in his great-coat pocket, his stick as upright as a sword. No regulations inscribed on notice-boards will ever induce the ladies to walk on the shopless side of the street, and I would suggest to our authorities that in thoroughfares where the shop-windows are especially attractive the pedestrians should be asked to form two streams, one in the centre, one on the curb side, and that the shop-window side should be left for the bargain-gazers.

To see the Englishman with his worst manners in evidence, one must watch him land from a Channel steamer. The steamship and railway authorities treat their passengers on the landing-stages very much as though they were cattle, and the passengers, responding to the treatment, behave like a herd of frightened beasts. The roping-off of a space on the steamer's deck, the rush of the porters coming on board, who shoulder-in as though they were "forwards" in a football scrimmage, the dash for the two narrow gangways, on to which the porters carrying bags and other packages force their way with the passengers, the stoppage at the narrowest point to take landing-tickets, are one and all very ugly, and uncomfortable, and old-fashioned.

I can remember the days when there used to be a nasty rush as soon as the doors leading to the cheap parts of a theatre were opened, but the public has altered that for itself. Nothing could be more orderly than the queue which is formed, and the people go to their places in pit or gallery with deliberation, as though they were entering the pews of a church. That a man who wishes to walk quickly down a street has to dodge continually and that our methods of landing from ships are as primitive as they were in King Alfred's time mean that the public has not yet given its great mind to these subjects.

Thomas Atkins is beginning to grumble at the restaurant arrangements made for serving him his meals, and the bitter cry for firm food and fewer "fixings" now rises from the ranks. It is unreasonable, no doubt, but it is just what would be expected by anyone who knows the British soldier's line of thought. The ration of meat allowed for each man is not a large one, and to a hungry soldier the hashes and other twice-made dishes do not seem satisfying, and he begins to doubt whether he gets his full allowance of beef and mutton.

Of course he does, and a meat dish for supper is squeezed out of a ration which before was only sufficient for the mid-day meal; but the Briton's liking for plain food he can see weighed if he wishes to, that liking which sends the City clerk to a grill-room for a chop, instead of to a cheap French restaurant where he could get four courses for the price of the one he eats, has now induced the British private to sigh for the good old days when a great lump of cooked meat was brought in on a tin tray, put on the table in his sleeping-room, and divided up by the orderly-man, and when a big hunch of bread, with knife and fork stuck in it to keep them clean, was all that remained over for his supper. Nowadays our soldiers are fed like human beings and not like wild beasts, but the dishes with French names and much sauce were sure sooner or later to draw a protest from the grumblers in the ranks.



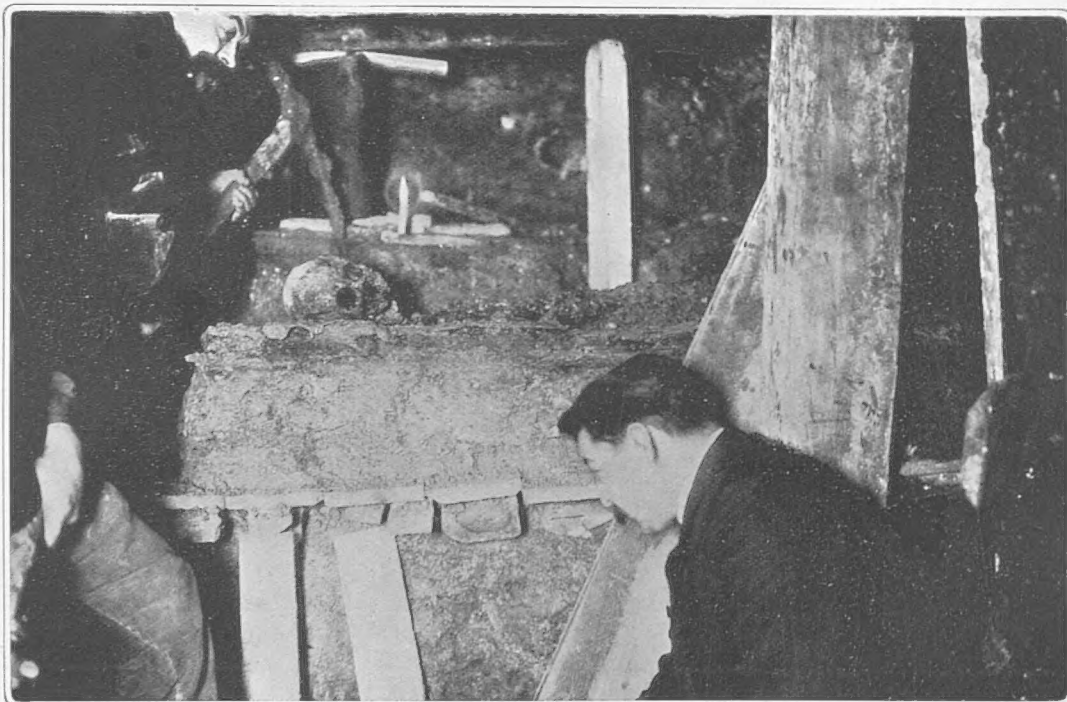
THE LATEST FORM OF MOTOR-BOAT.

The latest form of motor-boat was launched at Chiswick the other day by Messrs. Thornycroft. She is one of two vessels designed for purely utilitarian purposes, is twin-screwed, and is fitted with two sets of petrol-engines, each set developing 120 h.p. Although there is no boiler, the funnel is retained, and is used as an outlet for the exhaust gases.

has begun to raise its crest in Russia, but the wind behind it can hardly be called a favourable one. The Russian autocrats can scarcely order the workmen to relapse again into drunkenness, and this new form of resistance to the authorities will puzzle the statesmen more than much open rebellion.

Amongst the entertainments proposed for the Prince of Wales when he reaches Calcutta is one similar to that given on the Maidan when Prince Eddy visited India. That was the most magnificent night-fête that I have seen anywhere in the world. The Calcutta Maidan is a vast space of grass, with avenues and clumps of great trees on it, and all the long lines of the roads and every grove twinkled with innumerable "chirags," the little lamps which the Indians use so artistically in their illuminations. Round two great

ponds temples and palaces of lath and plaster had been built, and these all shone with lights. In the great tents, called "shamianas," were collected hundreds of dancing-girls from Benares, and native players, who acted "Sakuntala," one of the Hindu classics, and extraordinary masked dancers from Tibet. There were quarter-staff players and wrestlers and conjurers, and the crowning sight of all was the Cuttack sword-dance, in which, moving round a great bonfire of blazing logs, the long-haired, bearded swordsmen, shouting and holding their knife-like blades above their heads, gradually worked themselves into a frenzy, and, breaking from the ring of moving,



THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF ADMIRAL PAUL JONES, THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY: THE OPEN GRAVE IN THE OLD ST. LOUIS CEMETERY, PARIS.

After a search extending over six years, General Porter has discovered the undoubted remains of the Scottish-American naval adventurer, Paul Jones, in the section reserved for foreign Protestants in the old St. Louis Cemetery, Paris. The body, having been soaked in alcohol and packed in hay and straw, is well preserved. It will be placed in a coffin in the vault of the American Church until arrangements for its transfer to America have been completed, and a suitable resting-place found for it. Paul Jones, it may be recalled, served in the French and Russian Navies after abandoning the American service, and retired to Paris in 1790.

twirling figures, did wonderful feats of swordsmanship. The Zoological or the Botanical Gardens, both of which are very beautiful spots, are mentioned as the places for the "Tamasha" before the Prince of Wales.

A MUSIC-HALL PROGRAMME IN HIMSELF:

SYLVESTER SCHÄFFER IN HIS ELEVEN TURNS, AT THE ALHAMBRA.



1. CARD AND COIN MANIPULATOR. 2. ENGLISH JUGGLER. 3. LIGHTNING ARTIST. 4. JAPANESE JUGGLER. 5. CRACK-SHOT. 6. IMPERSONATOR (AS PAGANINI).
7. NIGGER MINSTREL. 8. EQUESTRIAN. 9. PERFORMER OF THE RISLEY ACT. 10. JUGGLER WITH A CHARIOT AND CANNON-BALLS. 11. STRONG-MAN.

The young Austrian, Sylvester Schäffer, who has just begun an engagement at the Alhambra, is, indeed, a music-hall programme in himself, for he gives a series of eleven distinct turns, each marked by a change of costume and a change of scenery. Each act is perfect in itself, any one worthy of filling a place in the customary programme of a music-hall. He holds the stage for over an hour.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK.
TO-DAY (Wednesday), Matinée, RICHARD III.; TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), TWELFTH NIGHT; TO-MORROW (Thursday), HAMLET; Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Saturday Matinée, JULIUS CÆSAR; Saturday Evening, JULIUS CÆSAR.
On Monday, May 1, for one week only, JULIUS CÆSAR.
SATURDAY MATINEE, May 6, HAMLET.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. LADY MADCAP. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.45. MR. HOPKINSON. An Original Farce in Three Acts by R. C. CARTON. Preceded at 8.15 by MR. NELSON JACKSON. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—Tita Brand's Season. EVERY EVENING, at 8, OTHELLO. Mr. Hubert Carter, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. A. E. Anson, Miss Granville, and Miss Tita Brand. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER. EVERY EVENING, at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET. MR. LEWIS WALLER, MR. H. V. ESMOND, MISS EVELYN MILLARD. MUSIC—GOUNOD'S "ROMEO ET JULIETTE." MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Chairman, MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London." Telephone Nos. 7689 Gerrard for Boxes (£2 2s. and £1 1s.), 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. seats, and 7699 Gerrard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 Half-price to all Stalls.

THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES. TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.30. Popular Prices. Children Half-price. Managing Director, THOMAS BARRASFOED.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLE'S," OXFORD CIRCUS, W.—Daily, 3 and 8. The Finest Entertainment in the World, as given before the King and Queen and the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace. Over Two Hundred Performing Animals. Grand Holiday Programme. New Acts and Fresh Novelties. Popular Prices, and Children half-price to all parts at all performances. Tel. 4138 Gerrard. Box Office 10 to 10.

HARROGATE.—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT. WORLD-RENOWNED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80). Finest Baths in Europe. Hydrotherapy of every description. Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery, Walks, and Drives. VARIED ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY in NEW KURSAAL. Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from TOWN CLERK, HARROGATE.

TO THE SUNNY SOUTH by the BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. FREQUENT FAST TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road).

TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING	The Pullman Limited Train, heated throughout, leaves Victoria 10.5 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. Week-days; 11 a.m. on Sundays. Drawing-room Cars on 11.40 a.m., 1.50, 4.30, and 5.45 p.m. Week-days.
SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Fast Trains leave Victoria at 9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 3.22 p.m., London Bridge 9.50 a.m., 2.5 and 5.5 p.m. Week-days; Victoria 9.25 and 11.15 a.m., London Bridge 9.25 a.m. Sundays. Drawing-room Cars on certain Trains.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Fast Trains, with Isle of Wight connection, leave Victoria 11.35 a.m., 1.42 and 3.55 p.m., London Bridge 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.55 p.m. Week-days.

WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS are issued to all South Coast Resorts, and Cheap Day Return Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) to Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Littlehampton, Bognor, and Chichester. Details of Superintendent of Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

ELECTROMOBILE LANDAUET (Single) by Electromobile Company, Curzon Street. Low Chassis, Very Graceful and Luxuriously Finished Carriage in Excellent Order. Usual Selling Price, £700; will accept £475. Apply C. S., 33, Grosvenor Mews, W.

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Specialities—Romney, Gainsborough, and Cosway Processes.
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Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "Union Bank of London," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

"PERFECTLY TRUE TO NATURE,"

says a leading journal, are the coloured plates in FAMILIAR WILD FLOWERS, by F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. The first fortnightly part of A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION of this work is now ready, price 6d. net. This issue will contain no less than 320 BEAUTIFUL COLOURED PLATES (including 40 expressly prepared for this Edition); and a special feature will be that CASES FOR BINDING the parts into volumes will be GIVEN FREE OF CHARGE to subscribers to the work. The *Gardener's Magazine* says: "The coloured plates are exquisitely beautiful; they are more like finished paintings than prints."

CASELL and COMPANY, Ltd., London; and all Booksellers.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit; general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN HOSTESS: MRS. CHAUNCEY.

Mrs. Chauncey, who has made her home in this country since her widowhood, is fast becoming one of the most popular of Mayfair hostesses. She is a sister of Lady Newborough.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

became a widow, and came abroad with her mother and sister; it was while they were staying in Egypt together that Miss Grace Carr met and was engaged to Lord Newborough, the wedding taking place in London, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

A New American Ambassador.

Mr. MacCormick, the new American Ambassador to France, who has just taken up his duties, is the twenty-eighth representative of the United States in Paris. The first was Benjamin Franklin, who was accredited to Louis XVI. from 1780 to 1785, and amongst his successors were two future Presidents, namely, Jefferson, and Monroe, the author of the Monroe Doctrine. Governor Morris, who was in Paris at the time of the Revolution, was another well-known man. The United States first established an Embassy in Paris in 1893, and the first Ambassador was Mr. Eustis.

Natasha Bashkirtseff.

It is rather more than ten years since all the youth of Europe, and some, too, of the older men, were raving over the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff. The self-conscious young Russian is almost forgotten now, but she is recalled by the fact that her niece, Mlle. Natasha Bashkirtseff, is one of those devoted ladies who have volunteered to go out to the Far East to nurse the unfortunate Russian soldiers. Mlle. Natasha has taken the veil of the Sisters of Charity, and was to have gone to Mukden, but, as that place has fallen, she has just set out for Harbin.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

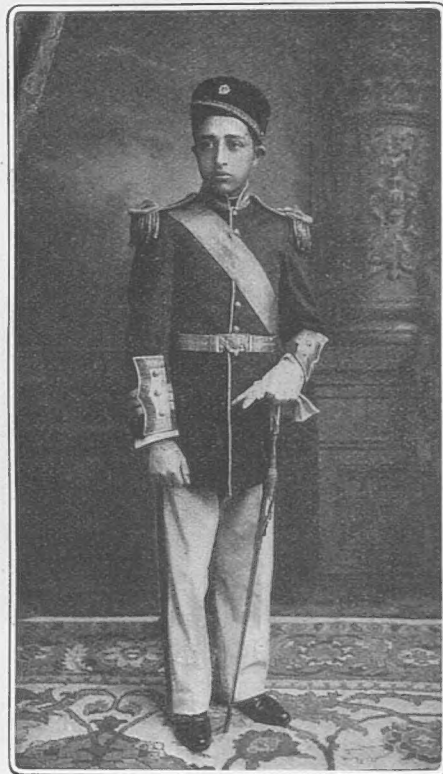
OF the many groups of beautiful and cultivated Americans well known in English Society, few have made so noted a place for themselves as have the two brilliant sisters, Mrs. Chauncey and Lady Newborough. The daughters of a distinguished New England officer, the late Colonel Carr, who was killed in the Civil War, the Misses Alice and Grace Carr were brought up by their widowed mother in a very quiet, old-fashioned way. Then the elder of the two became the wife of a well-known New Yorker, Mr. Samuel Sloan Chauncey. After a few years of happy married life, Mrs. Chauncey

The Future Ruler of Afghanistan.

Of the many wise things done by Lord Curzon of Kedleston in India, none was more significant of his diplomacy than the fashion in which he conciliated the young son and heir of the Amir of Afghanistan. The Shahzada, as he is called, paid a most enjoyable visit to Calcutta, and has expressed his intention of returning to India at no distant date. He is a fine, thoughtful-looking lad, full of the shrewdness and the keen mother-wit which have always distinguished his father.

Free Theatre Seats.

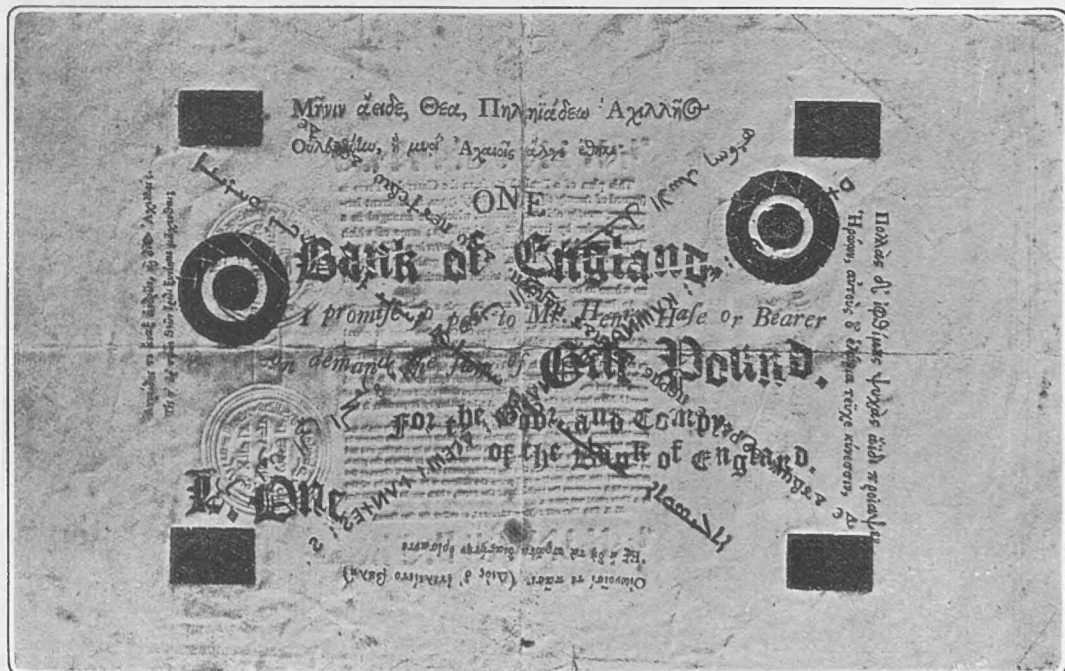
During Holy Week Parisians enjoyed the curious privilege—usual to the season—of attending a performance at several of the State-subsidised theatres without the formality of payment. Art for the masses has a very real significance in Paris, and the crowds which gather round the Opéra and the Théâtre-Français for these free shows are such enormous ones that the police officials have to make special arrangements for their control. During the past year or two, abuse crept in, many middle-class folk, who did not care to wait in line for six or seven hours, as those who want the good places must do, paying street-Arabs to do their waiting for them; but this has been suppressed with a strong



THE FUTURE RULER OF A "BUFFER STATE": THE CROWN PRINCE OF AFGHANISTAN.

The eldest son of His Highness Siraj-ul-Millat-wad-din Amir Habibulla Khan of Afghanistan recently paid a visit to India, while the Indian Foreign Secretary went to Kabul to discuss political relations. The Viceroy's reception obviously pleased the Prince, for he has expressed a desire to revisit Calcutta soon.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd



TO PREVENT FORGERY: A £1 NOTE PRINTED IN SEVERAL LANGUAGES AND IN UNCOMMON TYPES.

The bank-note here shown was designed by the Clarendon Press for the Bank of England when that institution proposed to issue £1 notes. The inscriptions in Greek and other languages, and the varied types, were intended to discount the possibility of forgery. It will be noted that the first eight lines of the Iliad form part of the inscriptions.

hand, and nowadays, if anyone leaves his place in the line, that place is taken by the person next behind. A touching incident in these fête-day shows is the arrival of the pupils from the Paris Schools for the Blind. They do not have to share the lot of the other guests, but are admitted immediately, and have the first choice of seats, and it does one's heart good to watch the heartily unselfish way in which the waiting crowd divides to let these afflicted ones pass in before them.

"Egalité." Believe in "Liberté" and "Fraternité" as it may, Republican France cannot, apparently, even now—to use an expressive, if aggressive, Americanism—cotton to "Egalité" save in theory. Only a week or two ago, the Committee of the Chamber showed itself in favour of M. Miram's proposal that all decorations be abolished by four votes to three; only a day or two ago, after M. Chaumié had told it that the Ministry had decided unanimously against the suggested suppression, it reserved its verdict by six votes to five. After all, it matters little, especially when one learns at the same time of so excellent an award as the ribbon of the Legion of Honour to Madame Patti.

Little Lord Bective and his Mother.

Few Irish Peeresses have become more genuinely popular and respected of late than has young Lady Headfort. Since her marriage, which took place in the first year of the new century, she has won golden opinions both in County Meath, where Lord Headfort's principal Irish seat is situated, and in County Cavan. The birth



LADY HEADFORT AND LORD BECTIVE.

The Marchioness of Headfort was married in 1901. Her husband is the fourth Marquess, succeeded his father in 1894, was formerly a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and holds his seat in the House of Lords by his last title, Baron Kenlis. The little Earl of Bective, Terence Geoffrey Thomas Taylour, was born on May 1, 1902.

Photograph by Speaight.

of the infant Earl of Bective was hailed with great rejoicings, and the future Marquess, who has as his first name the thoroughly Irish one of Terence, will receive many hearty congratulations on May Day, when he will be three years old. Lady Headfort is not only very fond of Ireland, but she has taken a keen interest in the Irish industries, helping them forward in every way that is within her power.

An Orchid Romance.

That romance which seems part and parcel of the orchid—by which no allusion to the right honourable member for Birmingham is intended—is heightened by the reported re-discovery of the *Cypripedium Fairrieanum* in Bhutan. So much has this plant taken upon itself the properties of the Black Tulip since its introduction to floriculturists some fifty years ago that, some time back, its increasing rarity prompted a firm of growers to make a standing offer of a thousand pounds for a healthy specimen of it. Its particular value lies more especially in its virtues as a parent—"Surely no other species has given us hybrids of such refinement and beauty," remarks the *Orchid Review*—but it is evidently not without attractions in itself. In colour, it is white with brownish-purple veins, and green at the base; its petals are white, edged and streaked with purple, and curl at the ends after the manner of the buffalo's horn.

A Famous Frog.

The most famous frog in the world has just died. It was a victim of a Professor in the American University of Cornell, who in 1899 cut out both hemispheres of its brain. In spite of the operation, the frog was in perfect health, and for five years served to demonstrate to the Professor's pupils the results of the removal of the brain. Knowledge and will were abolished, and the frog never showed the slightest sign of initiative, his only movements being attributed to muscular fatigue. The eyes were quite uninjured, and the frog could evidently see, but without understanding. Even his favourite food failed to attract him, and every day an assistant had to cram his food down his throat until the reflex action of swallowing took place. When he was touched he moved, and when he was put in water he swam, and if he was placed on his back he rolled over again; but on his own initiative he never stirred. The poor thing was very well known to all scientific men in America, and it seems probable that he died simply of old age, and that his life was in no degree shortened by the operation.

Mr. Carnegie as Writer.

In the intervals of presenting Free Libraries, to say nothing of sending the King the remains of a prehistoric reptile, Mr. Carnegie has found time to write a book. Needless to say, the work is not a novel; in point of fact, it is a "Life of James Watt," and the author is characteristically, although, doubtless, unnecessarily, modest about it. In his Preface to the volume, which will mark the conclusion of the "Famous Scots" series, he says: "When the publishers asked if I would write the Life of Watt, I declined, stating that my thoughts were upon other matters. That settled the question, as I supposed, but in this I was mistaken. Why should not I write the Life of the maker of the steam-engine, out of which I had made a fortune? Besides, I knew little of the history of the steam-engine and of Watt himself, and the surest way to obtain knowledge was to comply with the publishers' highly complimentary request." Is there any other writer of a biography who would care to acknowledge that he began his work knowing little of his subject or of the details of his subject's claim to fame?

Butchers as Royal Escort.

Preparations for the wedding of the German Crown Prince are bringing to light certain of those curious privileges of which one only hears at times of State ceremonials, and of which, with the quaint claims made in connection with the Coronation of the King and Queen still in mind, one had begun to think this most conservative country had almost the monopoly. In Berlin, however, matters are, in a manner, reversed: here we had noble Lords and Ladies bickering amiably over what Mr. G. P. Huntley describes as "buttlings" at the Royal feast, serving with cups, bearing the first dish, and so forth; there we have the butchers claiming ancient rights, and already, we are told, the members of their Guild have begun to practise riding, in order that they may be in fitting condition to perform their privilege of escorting the Crown Prince and his bride through the city on the 3rd of June. For all their loyalty, however, it is evident that they are not all so confident as their Imperial master that "the dice of God fall always on the right side," for almost all of them are said to have taken out insurance policies—whether "life" or "accident" is not stated.

Mrs. Henry Cavendish.

Actresses make delightful and devoted mothers. This is proved once more by the case of Mrs. Cavendish, the wife of the well-known explorer, who was, before her marriage, Miss Isabel Jay. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish, to say nothing of their little daughter, are keen motorists, and this is natural enough when it is remembered that Mr. Cavendish is one of the very few inventors who have tried successfully to solve what may be called the skidding problem. Last year he won the



MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH (MISS ISABEL JAY) AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Miss Isabel Emelie Jay married Mr. Henry Sheppard Hart Cavendish, great-grandson of the second Baron Waterpark, in 1902. Mr. Cavendish was formerly a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and is well known as a traveller and explorer.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

silver medal for his clever device in the Automobile Club Non-skidding Test Competition. Mrs. Cavendish, by the way, joined the cast of "Véronique" on Saturday last.



THE MOTOR-BUS AS POSTMAN: MRS. CAMPBELL MACKLIN POSTING THE FIRST LETTER IN THE PRESENCE OF THE POSTMASTER AND THE MAYOR OF RYDE.

The Isle of Wight's new motor-buses not only carry parcels in the wicker-baskets above the drivers' seats, but are provided with boxes for the collection of letters, which are posted at Ryde post-office. It is expected that the system will be of considerable value to dwellers in the less accessible parts of the island, as it will give them as many postal collections as those who live at Ryde.

whose name is not given, poisoned her husband, and, when he was unconscious, put his head over the gas-stove, which eventually killed him. It accuses her, too, of malversations with the Patrie Française funds and of general immorality of a description which cannot even be mentioned in the pages of a respectable paper. Madame Ménard, Madame Syveton's daughter, is described as being, if anything, worse than her mother, and, in a word, the three hundred pages of the book present M. Syveton as a saint and his wife and step-daughter as two fiends in shapely human form. The idea of "Hicks, M.P.," is, he says in the preface, to revive the Syveton case before the Courts; but Paris has had far too much dirty linen washed in public of late years, and it is to be hoped that the endeavour will not prove successful.

A Royal Sensation. Innsbruck had quite a little sensation recently, momentarily believing itself the scene of one of

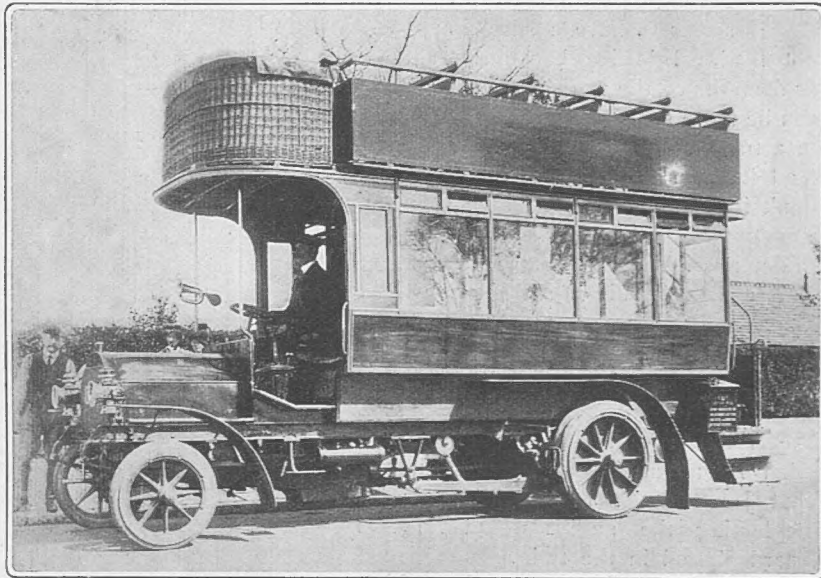
those tragic incidents which lurk continually in the shadow of Continental royalty. The occasion was a performance at the local theatre: alarming cries came suddenly from the Imperial box, conjuring up visions of the assassination of the Princess Matilda of Coburg, who was occupying it. Fortunately, this particular fear was ungrounded, but, unfortunately, the Princess was found to be suffering severely from cramp of the heart, and her condition necessitated her immediate removal to a house near by.

Some Ranelagh Fixtures. The coming season at Ranelagh promises to be of exceptional brilliance. Polo has become amazingly popular on the Continent, where equestrian games have long been held in high honour, and many prominent players will come over to be present at or to take part in the first Handicap Tournament, beginning on May 1. A match to which polo-players look forward with great interest is fixed for the 18th of next month, when the Royal Artillery are to play against Ranelagh. Early in June comes a Pony Gymkhana

The Affaire Syveton Revived. The Syveton scandal has again been revived by the publication of a book called "Ces Dames," written by a gentleman who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Le Député Hicks," which might be rendered into English "Hicks, M.P.," but means no more than "X." The author—who, if Madame Syveton's lawyers can find him, will, with his publisher, undoubtedly be summoned for libel—has not added in the least to the history of one of the most unsavoury affairs of modern times, but his book has been bought up by the hundred thousand and is the talk of Paris. The work deliberately accuses Madame Syveton of having, with the help of a member of the secret police

and Ladies' Sports, and on the 1st of July what promises to be a very interesting new feature will bring together a large gathering of motorists at the famous Pleasure Club, for on that day a Ladies' Automobile Gymkhana will be the attraction. Ranelagh and Hurlingham are amongst the most delightful and characteristic London sights which the Season can show the distinguished foreigner, and even Paris has nothing quite analogous, although, of late, French Society has taken with great ardour to outdoor sports and games.

The Session. Parliament is taking a long Easter holiday. Even the House of Commons has adjourned for nearly a fortnight. On the Elia principle, the less it does the longer rest it requires. It has not made any progress with any important Bill, but it has played in an irresponsible manner, passing motions and paying no attention to them. The Session has, so far, been a Churchill Session, Mr. Winston having given an impetus to the Liberals and left a mark on debate.



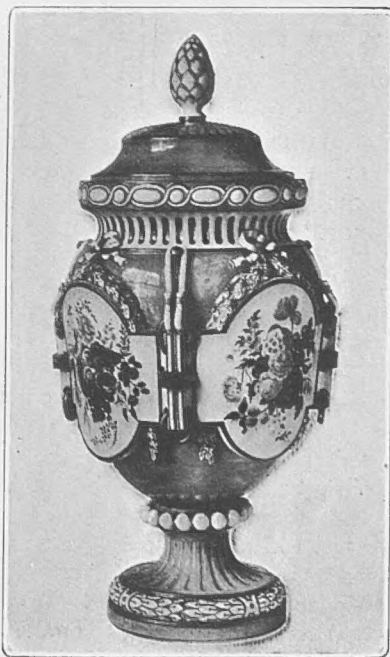
THE MOTOR-BUS AS POSTMAN: ONE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT'S NEW 24 H.P. MILNES-DAIMLER MOTOR-BUSES FITTED WITH A BOX FOR THE COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

Certain enterprising inhabitants of the Isle of Wight have decided to increase the facilities already existing for visitors wishing to travel about the island by promoting a service of motor-buses, which was inaugurated the other day, Lady Adela Cochrane driving the first car. Four of the 'buses are already running, and three others will follow. Further details will be found in "The Man on the Car."

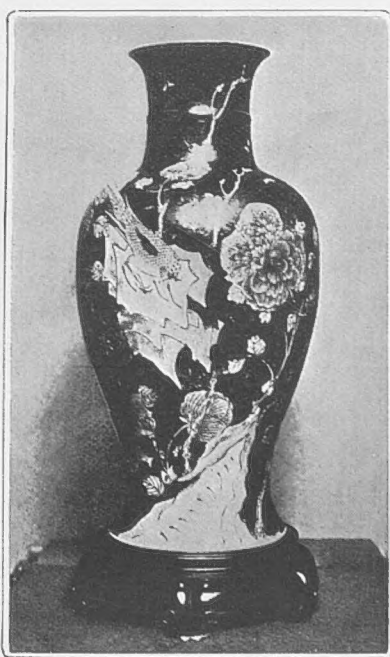
A Good Send-Off. The nation will give Lord Selborne a very hearty send-off next Saturday. The late Prime Minister's son-in-law is not being fêted and feasted as was his predecessor, Lord Milner, but it is to be hoped that he will have a more peaceful

term of office, and that he will finish the work of conciliation which the King, it is known, wishes to be brought to a happy conclusion in that most distracted portion of our great Empire. Lord Selborne is fortunate indeed in his wife. South Africa has hitherto been poor in important Governmental hostesses. Lady Selborne, with her wide knowledge of public affairs, is sure to exercise a happy influence.

A Fortunate One-Year-Old. Little Lord Grosvenor begins his career as an "elder son" very early in life, for his first birthday is to be celebrated in great style at Eaton Hall, and his father's Cheshire tenantry are presenting the fortunate baby-boy with a delightful birthday gift. This valuable object consists of a two-handled cup and cover of solid gold, copied from a very old silver-gilt model. Time was when the birthdays of even the greatest personages passed comparatively unnoticed until their coming-of-age; but, apparently, in this as in so many other things, England is copying the ways and habits of America's great millionaires.



THE SEVRES VASE AND COVER SOLD FOR 4,000 GUINEAS.



THE CRACKED CHINESE VASE SOLD FOR 1,950 GUINEAS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AUCTION-ROOM.

The Sevres vase and cover here illustrated gains some interest from the fact that its fellow is in the Royal collection at Buckingham Palace, but it was not, of course, this fact that led to its sale at so high a price. The first bid was one of 1,000 guineas; at 3,000 guineas the competitors had dwindled to two, Mr. Partridge and Mr. Duveen; at the 4,000 guineas, bid by Mr. Partridge, Mr. Duveen was heard to say: "No more." The extremely rare K'ang-hsi black-ground vase, enamelled with green tracings of decorative foliage and figures, is 17½ inches high, and is cracked across the neck. The bidding began at 100 guineas, but speedily reached ten times that amount, closing at 1,950 guineas, when Mr. Harding did not take up Mr. Duveen's challenge. A perfect set of five of these vases was recently on exhibition in Old Bond Street.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE FREEDOM OF MARIE.*

THERE are a good many things in the world that anger Miss Corelli, and she has her fling at them in this book. She seems to have a suspicion that she may be "skimmed," and not read. Injustice becomes "almost felonious when the merits or demerits of the work are decided without reading it at all." What can be more scandalous than the conduct of Smith, who meets Jones in a train and warns him against the work in question? "Have you read it?" asks the innocent Jones. "No!" says Smith. "And don't intend! I've heard all about it!" A tradesman whose wares were condemned in this fashion would, Miss Corelli thinks, be entitled to damages. Why not an author? Smith, it is evident, has been reading a review: What right has any man to take his ideas of a book from a reviewer, and use them for the purpose of prejudicing the mind of Jones? It is clear that the reviewer and Smith ought to be tried for an almost felonious libel, and that Jones ought to pay damages for neglecting the author whom he had heard abused in the train.

There is really no excuse for "skimming" Miss Corelli's "Opinions." They are rich with entertainment on every page. She is severe on the "ambitious little Press boys," who are permitted by their editors to take "a merely jejune view of the political situation." The tone of the Press has sadly declined since the "dawn of the Victorian era," when leading articles were distinguished by "dignity, refinement, and power," and there were no "flippant sneers," no "monkey-like mockery of women," no "senseless gibes," no "clownish tricks." What does the Press say of a very successful book? That it "captures the fancy of the masses without attracting the slightest attention from the critical and discriminating few"! And who are they when they are at home? All "disappointed authors," who write criticism with pens dipped in a "secret fount of gall." It refreshes Miss Corelli to remember that Dante was attacked by such persons; that Milton's life was "embittered by the contemptible spite of one Salmasius"; nay, that Aristotle, Sophocles, and Horace suffered from the "secret fount"; "and so on in the same way down to our own times." Miss Corelli's "respectful sympathy" is extended to all reviewers, for they naturally "hate with a deadly hatred every scribbling creature who writes a long novel," because the reviewer's pay is so small. Where is the spirit of chivalry? Among reviewers "it is as dead as door-nails." "Men can be found in the literary profession, who will do anything to 'down' a woman in the same calling, and, if they cannot for shame's sake do it openly, they will do it behind her back."

All this is as old as Adam, "coward Adam." When Eve wrote stories, you may be sure that Adam "downed" them in the *Mesopotamia Gazette*. To-day coward Adam is trying to rob Madame Curie of her credit for the discovery of radium. He is always striving to make out that, when a woman is successful in art, she must have been helped by some man. Even Charlotte Brontë's husband must needs play the discriminating critic when she read to him the opening pages of the story

she did not live to finish. He told her she was "repeating herself." Probably this "helped to hasten the fatal end." Man is a vain peacock, and when, "instead of the humble peahen, he finds another sort of bird entirely, with not only a tail as brilliant as his own, but wings that will carry it over his head, he is mightily incensed," and utters "a shrill cry of rage." He is capable of stealing a woman's work, and palming it off as his own. Miss Corelli relates the history of an opera thieved in this way. There was no remedy; "a grinning, jesting court of law" would have nonsuited the victim, who had given the thief her heart as well as her score. It is the well-known practice of the courts to do injustice to women. The law makes a point of protecting the "unbridled and extravagant licentiousness of men." No reform will come until we have "women-lawyers—Portias,

with quick brains, to see the way out of a difficulty into which men plunge only to flounder more hopelessly." Man's utter lack of logic is notorious. Woman has the faculty in a rare degree; hence Miss Corelli's eagerness that women should engage in the business of the Law Courts, but not in that of the House of Commons, where "heated and undignified scenes" might "degrade the sex pre-eminent for grace and beauty."

But surely it is high time that woman took all our affairs in hand, for there is a blight on everything—"the blight of atheism, infidelity, callousness, and indifference to honourable principle—the blight of moral cowardice, self-indulgence, vanity, and want of heart." Nothing moves us—not even the "heartless and un-Christian conduct of Leopold, King of the Belgians, to his unhappy daughter, Stéphanie." The scandals of the South African War were hushed up. We were under the impression that the Commission held an open inquiry, and that the evidence was published from day to day. But Miss Corelli knows better. "The conduct of the war was discussed secretly, as though its methods implied some dishonour to those concerned in it."

Nay, even Cabinet Councils are "held, as it were, with locked doors." Miss Corelli evidently feels that she ought to be present. If women took a predominating part in politics, and formed Ministries, the meetings of the Cabinet, you may be sure, would not be wrapt in this discreditable mystery. The prevailing blight is on the clergy—on the "mean little curate" and the "intolerant Cardinal." It prompts men and women to engage in a "desperate fight against the laws of God and Nature" by dyeing their hair, and manicuring their nails, and striving to look younger than they are. Miss Corelli sees no hope for Christianity unless the sects will amalgamate, give up their dogmas, and accept the simple message of the New Testament which she expounds with much eloquence and simplicity. When they have read her book, and not "skimmed" it, they may awake to this great truth.

Human nature itself should feel a spiritualising change when it has absorbed Miss Corelli's precepts. Despite the constant need of chastening sinners, she finds the "Life Literary" a happy life. It has its drawbacks; amongst them are "hundreds of love-letters" and "continual offers of marriage." But think of the blessings: "the power and affluence of creative thought," "the gifts and glories of Imagination," and "a cheerful and contented spirit"! Smith, let us hope, will ponder these things, and point them out to Jones.

L. F. A.

A Toi, Sauvage !



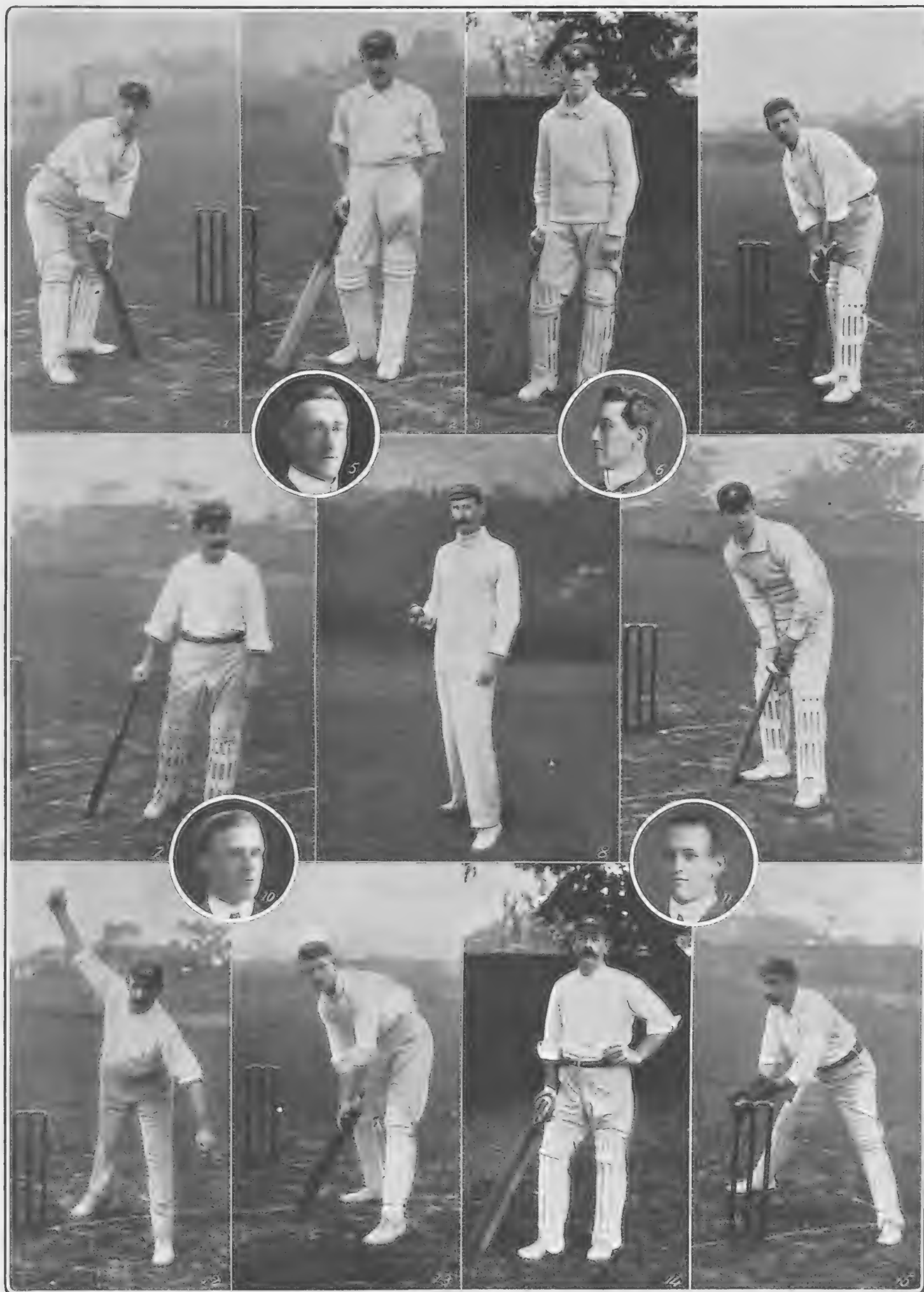
"SI vous voulez combattre,
Il faut croire d'abord :
Il faut que le lutteur
Affirme la justice ;
Il faut, pour le devoir
Qu'il s'offre au sacrifice,
Et qu'il soit le plus pur,
S'il n'est pas le plus fort."

EUGÈNE MANUEL.

THE DEDICATION OF MISS MARIE CORELLI'S
"FREE OPINIONS FREELY EXPRESSED ON
CERTAIN PHASES OF MODERN SOCIAL LIFE
AND CONDUCT."

* "Free Opinions Freely Expressed." By Marie Corelli. (London: Constable.)

THE CORNSTALKS: THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM VISITING ENGLAND THIS SEASON.



1. CLEM. HILL (SOUTH AUSTRALIA). 2. R. A. DUFF (NEW SOUTH WALES). 3. A. J. HOPKINS (NEW SOUTH WALES). 4. M. A. NOBLE, CAPTAIN (NEW SOUTH WALES).
 5. D. R. GEHRS (SOUTH AUSTRALIA). 6. F. LAVER (VICTORIA). 7. S. E. GREGORY (NEW SOUTH WALES). 8. C. MCLEOD (VICTORIA). 9. V. TRUMPER (NEW SOUTH WALES).
 10. P. NEWLAND (SOUTH AUSTRALIA). 11. A. COTTER (NEW SOUTH WALES). 12. W. P. HOWELL (NEW SOUTH WALES). 13. W. W. ARMSTRONG (VICTORIA).
 14. J. DARLING (SOUTH AUSTRALIA). 15. J. J. KELLY (NEW SOUTH WALES).

S. E. Gregory is the veteran of the Australian team which will tour this country during the summer, for he has been over on five occasions, in 1890, 1893, 1896, 1899, 1902. Darling, Hill, and Kelly have three visits to their credit; Noble, Trumper, and Howell, two; Duff, Hopkins, Armstrong, and McLeod, one; Gehrs, Newland, and Cotter are the new-comers. Of the last three, Cotter is a most effective fast-bowler, Gehrs has the reputation of being the most promising bat in Australia, and Newland is the reserve wicket-keeper.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

HOW long yet before this country follows the lead of Italy by passing an Act to prohibit the exportation of works of fine art or national interest? Week by week, if not day by day, my morning paper tells the same sad story. Pictures, tapestries, manuscripts, *objets d'art* without number, are going over to the land of the almighty dollar. Granting freely that a great many pieces of more than dubious antiquity go with what is good, it is only a matter of time before the United States will have all the relics of Great Britain's past. When this state of things has been reached, rich Americans will not visit England any more, but Britons will be compelled to visit the States, in order to see what belonged to their ancestors. In those days, some sturdy Republican will rise up to advocate the State preservation of British relics and the imposition of a special admission tariff.

Then we shall see that the money left in London now a-days by wealthy Americans was simply put out at interest, and that it is all going back to its original owners. Italy has realised the commercial value of Americans, and her new law enables them to see and not to

touch; in these islands our rulers are more short-sighted, and permit our cousins from across the Atlantic to raid our commerce in the first instance, and then to buy our art-treasures with the profits of the raid.

The Quarrels of Actors.

Is the profession waxing quarrelsome? Far be it from me to answer the question in the affirmative, but I must say that my morning paper reveals discords in the professional symphony that are not resolved according to the rules of harmony. One day sees the gallery threatened with extinction because it dares to "boo." On another I find a great uprising against the makers of sketches, who are alleged to come between the wind and the nobility of the more serious stage. And, lately, we have seen another rising, not unreasonable, against the moving-picture show that is alleged to claim the attention of playgoers between the Acts of the play at certain theatres. We are also threatened with State-aided repertory theatres, and bidden to chide the powers that hold the national purse and will not scatter largess to the playhouse. Of old time we were assured that the drama's laws the drama's patrons give. If my morning paper reflects the spirit of the age truly, the drama is seeking to turn the tables upon its patrons, to dictate to them the spirit in which they must bow down to the play, what they must do, and how they must do it. I do no more than reflect upon these things from the standpoint of a mere outsider; but I can't help thinking that, just now, the drama doth protest too much.

The Passive Resister.

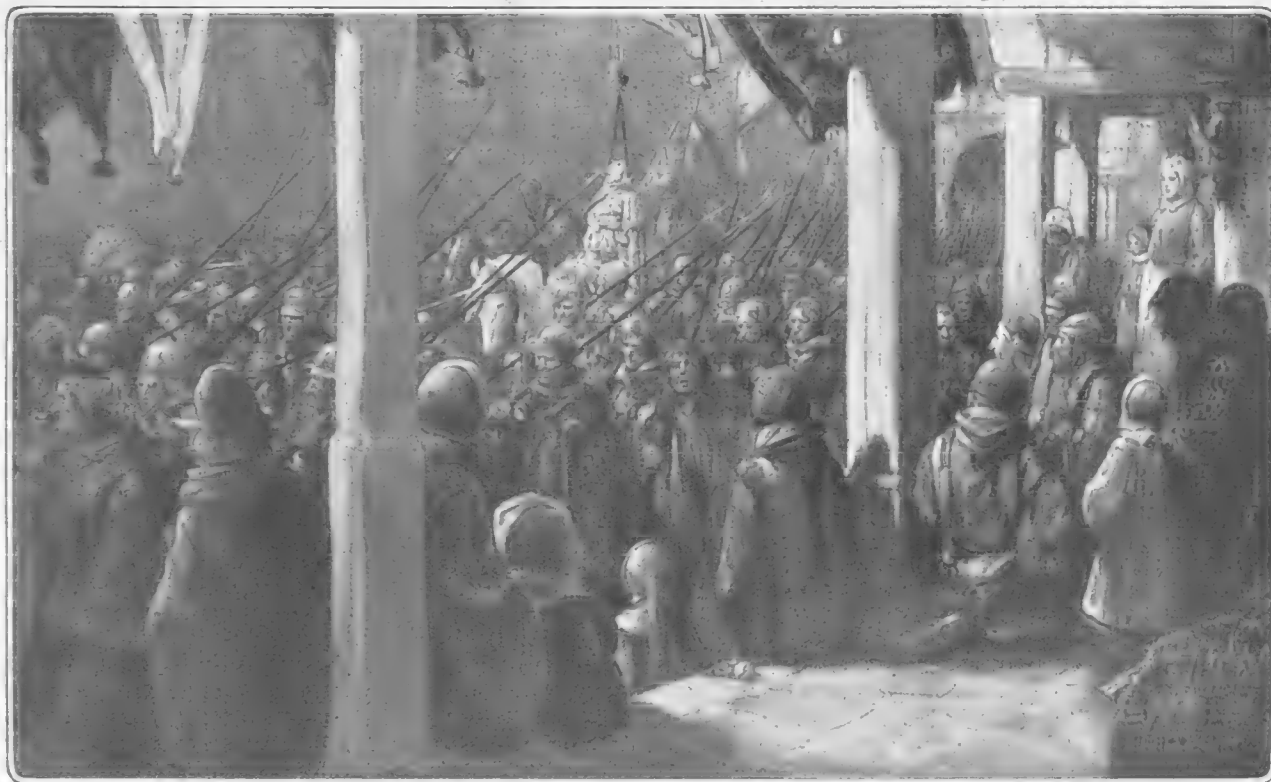
As a nation we have no more than a small sense of humour, or the passive resister, together with his aiders and abettors, had passed together into silence. Taking up a morning paper that makes but small appeal to me, I noticed the other day that the passive ones continue to resist, and that the brutal myrmidons of the police-courts continue to gather in the corn and wine and oil of the contumacious. The attempt to emulate John Hampden has met with no success at all, and I am minded to charge the passive folk with striving after a little cheap notoriety. They do worse than waste the time of the Courts: they demonstrate their complete inability to demand the obedience and respect of people over whom they may be set in authority. The patience of magistrates must be sorely tried,

and if Legislature would add seven days of the kind called "hard" to the pains and penalties of resistance, I believe that the whole agitation would disappear like dew before the morning sun. To seven days' hard for all who resist, might be added seven other days of the same quality

to the sentence of those whose fines are paid by friends. Resistance to constituted authority is not a weapon that any political party can use with safety or dignity, and it is to be hoped that many of the deluded people who have practised resistance at the instigation of foolish hunters after cheap martyrdom are beginning to see that the game isn't worth the candle.

Pensions and Prizes.

Recent cases in the Courts of Law do not place the intelligence of the average man and woman in a very high light. It would appear that, if you advertise your willingness to give thirty shillings' worth of benefit for every sovereign you receive, there will be hundreds or thousands of people ready and willing to take the offer seriously, and to raise a cry of horror and alarm when your inability to fulfil the promises is made clear. The margin of legitimate profit is never a very liberal one in these days of keen competition, and everybody knows that profit and security have an unfortunate habit of existing in inverse ratio. And yet I believe that if I offered a pound prize, or a bicycle, or a pound of tea, or a life-insurance policy for every person who would fill in the missing vowel in the words "d-g" and "c-t" and send sixpence with their answer, I should get a shoal of sixpences, followed by an avalanche of lawyers' letters, from the good people whose intelligence taught them no more than the fact that "dog" and "cat" were the words indicated. And learned Judges would express their serious belief that the competition was not an honest one.



A "SKETCH" ARTIST'S EXHIBIT AT THE NINETY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: "THE CONQUEROR," BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

A RÉPERTOIRE WEEK AT HIS MAJESTY'S:

MR. TREE IN THE CHARACTERS HE IS ENACTING DURING HIS CELEBRATION OF THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL.



1. BENEDICK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

2. HAMLET.

3. FALSTAFF IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

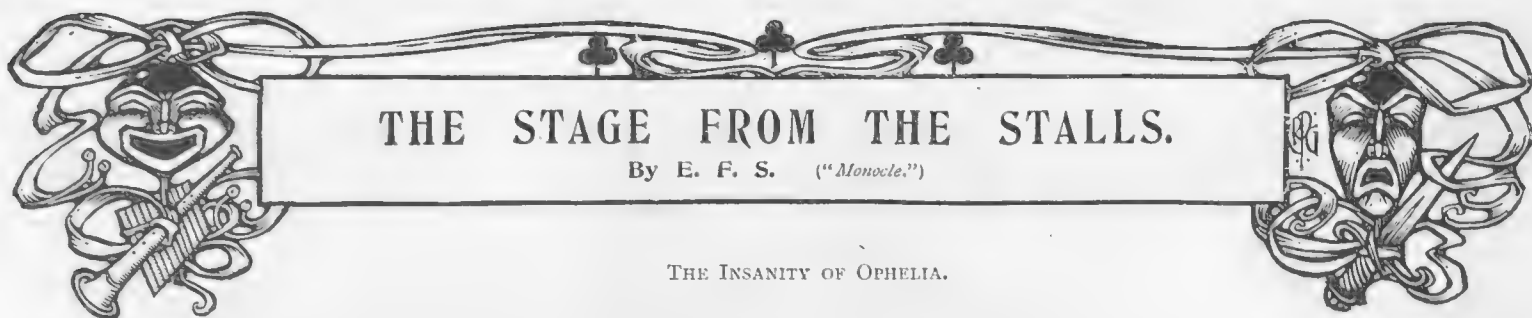
5. RICHARD IN "RICHARD II."

4. MARCUS ANTONIUS IN
"JULIUS CÆSAR."

6. MALVOLIO IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Mr. Tree is marking Shakspeare's birth-week by a series of interesting revivals. "Richard II." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were produced respectively on Monday and Tuesday; a matinée of "Richard II." and an evening performance of "Twelfth Night" fill the bill to-day (Wednesday); "Hamlet" is played to-morrow, "Much Ado About Nothing" on Friday, and "Julius Cæsar" on Saturday.

Photographs by Burford, Savory, London Stereoscopic Company, Turner and Drinkwater, Lizzie Caswall Smith, and Histed.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE INSANITY OF OPHELIA.

SOME line reproductions in one of the papers exhibiting the physical distress of sprinters at the middle and end of a hundred yards' race perplexed me, for they insisted upon bringing into my mind the recollection of some picture that I had seen; but my memory played Tantalus with me, and left me with unsatisfied curiosity for a while. Luckily—for me only—an article in one of the half-penny papers relieved me of the obsession. These pictures of the distressed athletes had been reminding me of the portraits of a

talented young actress in the part of Ophelia at the Adelphi—portraits in which she had been making faces at the camera in order to produce the impression that she was looking mad. If to look non-sane is to look insane, she appeared mad enough for Bedlam, Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and the rest. Whether her countenance indicated the peculiar expression appropriate to the particular form of madness from which Ophelia suffered I do not know, since I lack the knowledge of those persons rather quaintly termed "mad doctors." When reading the article in question, I became besieged by a desire to see a photograph of the writer, because it appeared to me that the expression of his countenance might throw some light upon the question of the correctness of Miss Lily Brayton's grimaces. For the author of the article on Miss Lily Brayton as Ophelia plainly puts forward the proposition that her mad scene is the most important matter of the present production of "Hamlet." I



RETURNED FROM AMERICA TO PLAY IN
MR. TREE'S SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL:
MR. COURTICE POUNDS.

By the courtesy of Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Courtice Pounds, who has been appearing in "The Duchess of Dantzic" in America, has returned to England in order to play his old parts of Sir Hugh Evans in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and of the Clown Feste in "Twelfth Night" during the Shakspeare Festival now in progress at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Pounds has had considerable success in New York, and has become a great favourite there.

Photograph by Hall.

learnt that "up to the fourth Act the play goes on its way vigorously enough, but it is not until the mad scene that electricity gets into the air," a statement which involves the proposition not merely that H. B. Irving is a failure, but also that Miss Brayton's earlier scenes are of no great effect. It appears that "then . . . one and all, young and old, from stalls to gallery, lean forward, silent, eager, breathless, knowing by sheer instinct that they are seeing a performance that they cannot afford to forget." One may well ask, in horror, whether Shakspeare has sunk so low as this. Some think that he has been sufficiently degraded by being administered, like a nasty powder, with abundance of jam in the shape of excessively gorgeous scenery and the like; but if a modern audience is to find the triumph of "Hamlet" in the performance of Ophelia's mad scenes, one may well believe London incapable of any appreciation of Shakspeare.

Probably Miss Brayton, a young actress of great talent and success, will beg to be delivered from such admiration, for the suggestion involved is that her work throws the play out of balance. The mad scenes of Ophelia have puzzled many a commentator, not in the way in which the mad scenes of Hamlet himself have puzzled them, but because in her case the madness forms a painful, needless episode. It will be noted that Hamlet sees neither of them, that they have no effect upon the conscience of the King or Queen, and that they are not needed to stimulate Laertes to revenge. Indeed, so far as we know, Hamlet never discovered that she went mad; and if he did, the fact had no influence upon his conduct or character. One asks, then, why did Shakspeare introduce this business? The answer lies in the fact overlooked by those who

are fond of referring to him as a writer for all times—namely, that he was a child of his own times, and also a very shrewd student of popularity. One notices that the author of this article makes the remark that "one gentle critic found fault with Miss Lily Brayton's mad scene on account of its poignancy, and said that it was not right . . . it was distressing." The comment of the author was: "This is our modern attitude towards tragedy."

Here lies the key-note of the matter. In our days there are many people of delicate, nervous constitution who shun horrors. In or about the time of Shakspeare the public execution of martyrs by burning was a very popular form of entertainment, and, indeed, women were burnt to cinders in public, to the delight of great crowds, for many years after his death. All sorts of bloody sports were accepted, even by relatively delicate-minded folk, and it may fairly be said that Elizabethan society was not above that of the Court of Spain, which still has to tolerate bull-fights. The capacity for taking pleasure in the physical suffering of others is puzzling to those who do not share it, and, alas, is almost universal. It may be urged that the mad persons do not suffer, and possibly Ophelia insane was happier than Ophelia sane. Yet Ophelia's madness, when actually visible, is horribly shocking and painful to imaginative people, whilst to the unimaginative it is as thrilling as a cab-accident which collects a crowd in the street. In the case of Hamlet, if he be mad at all, the pathetic aspect of the matter is avoided, but in Ophelia Shakspeare piles up the agony with all his skill, and, by curious bad luck for him, the one dry note, the one curious psychological turn that gives any intellectual interest to the scene, has to be omitted on our boards. Volumes have been written and, possibly, heads broken, concerning the question how it came about that Ophelia, when mad, sang some very indelicate songs; but these, of course, are cut, so that the one element of strangeness is gone, and in watching Ophelia at the Adelphi one has nothing but a cruel horror, to witness which, to me, seems so exquisitely painful and utterly needless that my one anxiety is to forget it as quickly as possible.

It may, then, be suggested that the mad scenes were introduced, not as essential, or even useful to the drama, but in order to give pleasure to the callous people who can find pleasure in such things. At the utmost, this business is unimportant to the play, wherefore the obvious duty

of the actress presenting the scenes to modern audiences is to mitigate the horrors of them, to be intensely unsensational, to minimise the actual madness, and to recognise that any vehement effort on her part may injure the performance of the play as a whole.



THE PRODUCTION OF "BECKET" AT DRURY LANE:
SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

Sir Henry first produced "Becket" at the Lyceum, in February 1893. He has been playing it, also, during his recent tour. The present revival, should arrangements hold good, will last for twelve nights. It will be remembered that two earlier plays of Tennyson's have been seen on the same stage, "Queen Mary" and "The Cup." The acting version of "Becket" was arranged by Sir Henry himself.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, WHO IS NOW TOURING AS THE HEROINE OF THE VICAR OF GORLESTON'S NEW PLAY,
"LORD DANBY'S LOVE AFFAIR."

Miss Collier began her tour in the Rev. Forbes Phillips's new Society-Drama, "Lord Danby's Love Affair," on Monday last; and in the autumn will return to His Majesty's for the production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Nero." She played Trilby to Mr. Tree's Svengali at the first special Monday performance this month at His Majesty's.

Photograph by Bassano.

"HAMLET," AT THE ADELPHI:

SOME OF THE MINOR CHARACTERS.



MR. CHARLES ROCK AS THE FIRST GRAVEDIGGER.

MR. ALFRED BRYDONE AS THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

MR. HERBERT GRIMWOOD AS THE FIRST PLAYER.

MR. E. LYALL SWETE AS POLONIUS.

MR. WALTER HAMPDEN AS LAERTES.

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



V.—THE SCULPTOR.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: VI.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER'S DEATH-SCENE.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



"I DIE—I DIE—AND FOR THE COUNTRY AND THE GIRL—I LOVE. WHO—COULD—DIE—BETTER?"

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



"FAME IS NO PLANT THAT GROWS ON MORTAL SOIL."

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THERE are to be two Lives of the Duke of Cambridge. The Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal is to write the private life of the Duke. His military life will be written by his friend, Colonel Willoughby Verner, to whom the Duke handed over all papers and documents necessary for the purpose. Indeed, Colonel Verner has nearly completed his task, and the book may be expected soon.

Landor's villa, which stands so picturesquely between Florence and Fiesole, is at present for sale. It is a house full of associations.

In Landor's eyes there were no cities in the world to compare with Florence and Bath, and the retirement of his villa was for years very congenial to him. It was there that he—

Saw others' fame and wealth increase,
Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,
Open'd my window, snatcht my glass,
And, from the rills that chirp and pass,
A pure libation pour'd to thee,
Unsoil'd, uncitied Liberty!

Landor, however, never lived long anywhere without much contention. His neighbour, who was a Frenchman, had a right to the waste water of Landor's fountain. This enraged Landor, and, in order to prevent the Frenchman from having his rights, he shaved every morning, and ordered all his men-servants to do the same. He also washed his hands and face several times in the day, especially at the season when water is most wanted, and made all his children do in like manner. He also made them bathe. The Frenchman took him to law, and Landor was cast in all the courts after protracted and expensive litigation. It is hardly needful to say that Landor was firmly persuaded that the case went against him by the corruption of his Judges.

No publisher has done his duty more completely to a great author than has Mr. John Murray done to Lord Byron. His admirable standard edition, edited by Mr. Prothero and Mr. Coleridge, has been completed, and it is difficult to say how it can ever be rivalled. Mr. Murray is now issuing in a single volume the complete text of the poetry, in accordance with the revised and enlarged version included in his large edition. This is a most acceptable gift. Professor Churton Collins, in an able article on the standard edition contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, says that there is no corner, no recess, in Byron's crowded life, from boyhood to manhood, from manhood to the end, into which we are not admitted; we know him as we know Pepys and as we know Johnson. Of Byron it may be said that his

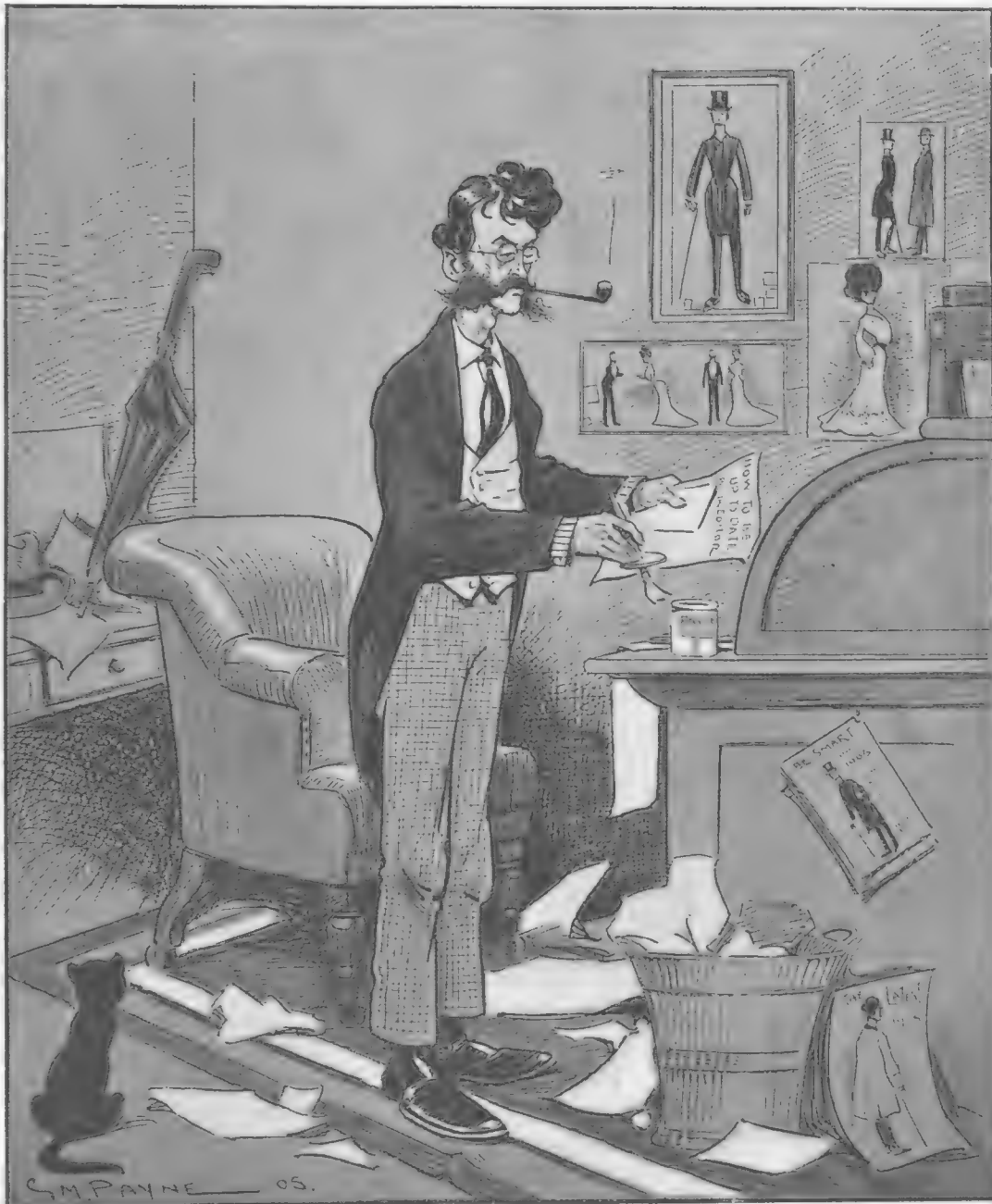
letters will probably live as long as his poems. On the merit of the letters there is no dispute. As to Byron's rank as a poet there has never been complete agreement. Mr. Churton Collins says that, Shakspeare excepted, Byron's versatility is without parallel among English poets. There is scarcely any form or phase open to the poetic art which was not attempted by him, or any theme capable of poetic treatment which he did not handle. Since Shakspeare, as Scott justly observes, no English poet has shown himself so great a master in the essentials of comedy and in the essentials of tragedy. Mr. Churton Collins admits, however, that in Byron's comedy there is no refinement, no geniality, and much that is brutal and gross, while in his tragedy large deductions have to be made for insincerity and falsetto. These are very considerable admissions, and narrow the limits of controversy, for there are few who will question the immense body and mass and vitality of Byron's work, and the power and range of his influential achievement.

Mr. Churton Collins has always delighted in pointing out the obligations of poets to preceding literature. It will be remembered that Tennyson was particularly exasperated by Mr. Collins's labour on his own works. We see from the *Quarterly* article, however, that Mr. Collins is impenitent. He says that Byron was so great a borrower from the writings of others that neither Virgil nor Horace in ancient times, not Milton or Gray nor even Tennyson in modern times, surpassed him in the extent of debt. The phrase "nor even Tennyson" is Mr. Collins's own. He succeeds in showing a number of reminiscences,

conscious or unconscious, in Byron's works. Thus, such, for instance, would be his echo of Campbell's—

The power of thought—the magic of a name;
The power of grace, the magic of a name;
I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play;
O for an hour of Wallace wight,
O for one hour of blind old Dandolo;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
I hear a voice I would not hear;
Glory of the priesthood and the shame,
Tasso is now their glory and their shame.
Other likenesses are less conclusive, and, in any case, there is no question of plagiarism.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS:

V.—THE EDITOR OF "THE SMART CROWD AND FASHIONABLE WORLD."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

“—AND SO AD INFINITUM!”: A CASE FOR THE “N.S.P.C.C.”



OLD LADY (*sympathetically*): Why are you crying, my little man?

SIX-YEAR-OLD: Boo—oo! Pat Murphy licked me, and feyther licked me 'cos I let Pat Murphy lick me, and Pat Murphy licked me again 'cos I told feyther, and now feyther 'll lick me again 'cos Pat Murphy licked—. Boo—oo!

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

THE DAY BEFORE SENDING IN: FRAMING DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.



LET'S SEE, THIS FRAME ISN'T BIG ENOUGH...



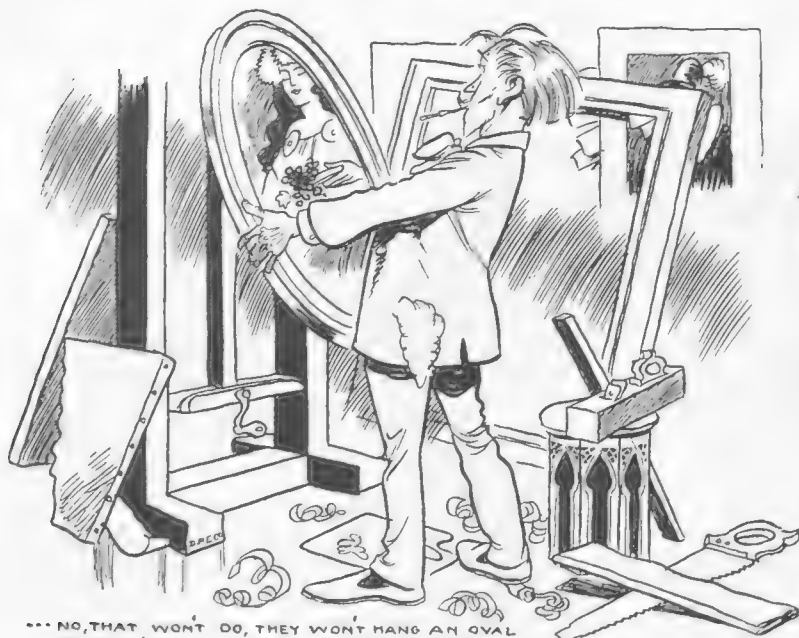
.....STILL, I CAN TAKE A SLICE OFF THE PICTURE



...GREAT SCOT! I'VE CUT IT TOO SMALL



.....NEVER MIND, I'LL PUT IT IN THE OVAL FRAME AND CALL IT A PORTRAIT

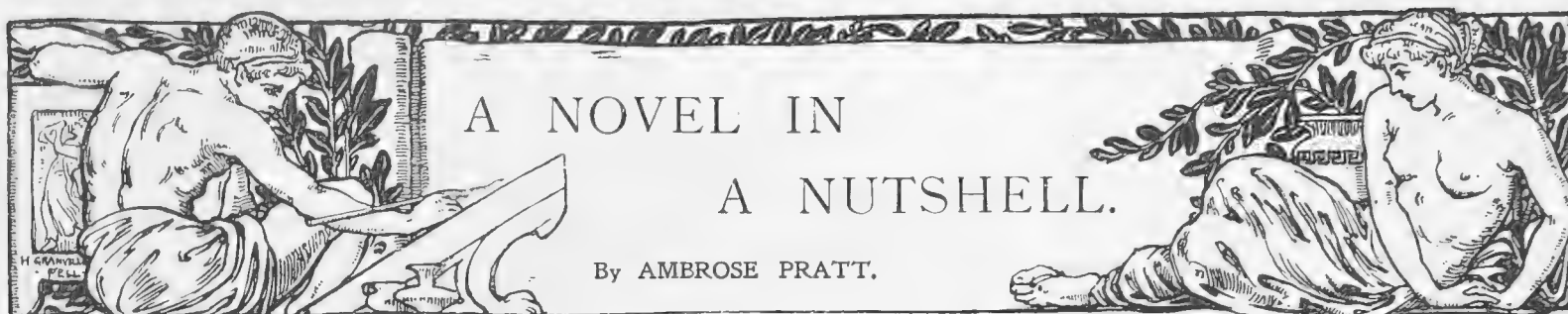


...NO, THAT WON'T DO, THEY WON'T HANG AN OVAL FRAME, I'LL CUT IT DOWN AND PUT IT IN THE LITTLE ONE



.....AND CALL IT 'STILL LIFE'

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

"THANK goodness, at any rate, there is no philosopher here to preach me patience!" said Gavan Sterling, the eminent investigator of electrical phenomena, as he restlessly paced the floor of his laboratory. The hands of his clock pointed to midnight. That morning, happy with hope, he had stood upon the threshold of what promised to be a great discovery. Full of anxiety and eagerness, he had determined to be alone at the moment of success, and, pretending a call to the Continent, had given his servants and assistants holiday, so that he might be at liberty to work without distraction. Returning to his house immediately on their departure, he had spent many hours of dangerous toil, and, at last, convinced himself that his hopes were badly founded. The great experiment had failed. He had fondly dreamed of giving a new blessing to the workers of the world, a motive-power greater than steam, a hundred times less expensive. Face to face with failure, he thought of his long months of fruitless labour, the thousands of pounds which he had expended all in vain. A black mood settled on his mind, and he walked the floor, morose and despairing, thankful only that no living being might witness his emotion. When midnight sounded, he threw himself upon a chair and, his face buried in his hands, miserably revolved the circumstances of his late discomfiture. But no light came to cheer him; he had worked upon an insufficiently explored foundation, and he saw the ruins of his brilliant "Château en Espagne" tumbled about his feet, never to be rebuilt by any process known to man.

Happily for him, at that moment an unsolicited distraction came to rouse him from his bitter thoughts. In the dead silence of the deserted house rang out suddenly a crash of breaking glass. The noise appeared to come from the floor beneath his feet. Gavan Sterling sat up sharply and strained his every sense to listen. After a long minute, he heard the sound of quiet footfalls mounting the laboratory stairs. His face assumed an expression of savage satisfaction. The door was closed, but, thrusting out his hand, he pressed a button and the apartment was instantly plunged in profound darkness. The footsteps left the stairway and approached the door. The handle of the door was tried: then a pause. Someone was standing without, hesitating perhaps; someone who carried a lantern, for a faint glow of light crept in from the crevices about the door. Gavan Sterling smiled grimly, waiting in the darkness, silent as death. The intruder, having come to a determination, pushed the door open and flashed the rays of a bull's-eye through the large and weirdly appointed room. Gavan Sterling could see nothing, however, but the lantern and the slim white hand that held it. "Strange," he thought; "it is the hand of a gentleman."

As if reassured, the intruder entered boldly and moved quietly in the direction of the inventor, whose silent figure no ray of light had yet touched.

Gavan Sterling, rising noiselessly to his feet, pressed a button, and, on the instant, the room was brilliantly illuminated. He saw, not three paces distant, a thin, pale man, who, in the act of advancing, had been shocked into rigidity. He stood upon his left foot; his right leg was projected and slightly crooked, the foot a few inches from the floor, but frozen stiff. A similar phenomenon had extended to his body, his arms, his face. One hand held a small bag, the other a lantern and a bunch of skeleton-keys. His face, wan and not ill-looking, was transfigured with an expression of fear and blank astonishment.

Gavan Sterling, noting these things in one comprehensive glance, threw himself upon the intruder and bore him to the floor by sheer force of weight. But the burglar scarcely struggled, and in the space of a few moments he was securely triced, bound hand and foot, and thrown in sitting posture on the very arm-chair which the inventor had lately occupied.

Gavan Sterling appeared immensely pleased with himself; he smiled with perfect self-satisfaction, poured himself out a glass of whisky, and, drawing up a chair opposite his prisoner, proceeded

to survey his prey in leisurely manner. "H'm!" he remarked, after a moment's careful scrutiny; "I was not mistaken—you are a gentleman."

The burglar made no reply.

Gavan Sterling picked up the bag which had fallen to the floor during the struggle. Opening it, he spread its contents on the table at his side, smiling grimly on recognising some of his own property. A bundle of bank-notes, several diamonds and rubies of small value, some ancient gold coins, and a lump of solid platinum, weighing, perhaps, three pounds. "You've been at my study-safe," he commented. "How on earth did you open it?"

"It was not locked," muttered the prisoner.

Gavan Sterling shrugged his shoulders. "I remember. Beastly careless of me, wasn't it? I'm always doing things like that. I wanted some platinum this afternoon, and forgot to lock the door behind me. But there, I don't suppose I need apologise to you."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the burglar, wistfully.

Gavan Sterling smiled, and replied with a question: "What induced you to visit my house to-night, of all nights?"

"I saw in the papers that you were leaving London."

"Ah! those papers; they are not always reliable, eh?"

"What are you going to do with me?" repeated the prisoner, whose face was white and very wretched.

His captor disregarded the question. He sipped at his glass and appeared to take much pleasure in watching his victim. "Surely not a professional?" he asked, at length.

"For God's sake——!" gasped the other.

"How the deuce did you propose to open my safes? Surely not with those paltry keys? I don't see any jemmies or centrebits about."

The burglar closed his eyes.

"You could not have hoped to find them open?"

Silence.

"Please tell me; I am dying with curiosity."

Silence.

"Perhaps your tools are downstairs?"

"I had nothing but those keys," muttered the burglar, with a despairing cadence in his voice.

"Then you are only an amateur. Was it an experiment?"

Silence.

"Perhaps you are a philosopher. I encounter those creatures everywhere. You are not badly dressed; you seem to be a gentleman. Were you engaged in seeking to effect an equitable distribution of the world's wealth?"

Silence.

"I asked the question because a friend of mine who is a philosopher believes that thieves have a proper function in the scheme of social economy. But, pardon me, I forgot my duties as a host—will you take a glass of whisky?"

The burglar nodded, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Say when! H'm, a stiff nip. Soda? No? You are right; soda kills spirit. Too much water? A little more whisky then. I perceive I must feed you. You will excuse me, no doubt; I really cannot see my way to free your hands."

The burglar drained the proffered glass, and a slight colour crept into his wan cheeks.

"We were discussing the question of the use of thieves," proceeded Gavan Sterling. "It is a subject in which I have always been interested, and this is the first chance I have had of threshing the matter out with a professional, so to speak. You see, my acquaintance is rather limited. I have never met a thief face to face before."

The burglar gave a ghastly smile and shivered slightly. "We should argue the matter from widely opposing standpoints," he muttered.

"Precisely; but I am willing to be converted," said Sterling,

magnanimously. "I confess that I have always thought of thieves as I have thought of mad dogs and murderers, creatures to be killed when caught, as units whose existence is baneful to the maintenance of law and order. Perhaps, however, I am wrong."

"Ah, if you knew!" cried the prisoner. "I—"

But Gavan Sterling interrupted him. "Pardon me; I know what you would say, but surely it is illogical to individualise upon a principle?"

The burglar fell back in his chair with a hoarse, despairing laugh. "You are playing with me!" he cried; "but, after all, I deserve it. Well, I shall meet your humour and defend myself. I am a thief?"

"Surely?"

"Ah, you sneer. An hour ago I had just as good a right as you to call myself a man of honour. But let that pass. Before we wrangle, though, let us define the word."

"That is easy—he who takes or uses the property of another without privilege."

"Agreed!" cried the burglar, sharply; "for in that case you are as much a thief as I: you have deprived me of my liberty."

"Come, come—without privilege?"

"If I steal your horse, have you then privilege to steal my cow?"

Gavan Sterling laughed. "Neither of us is on trial, only a principle."

The burglar sighed. "I might say that thieves have a use——"

"Ah! but prove it."

"Your own words a moment since—they seek to effect an equal distribution of the world's wealth."

"Trite, sir; trite as dust."

"But unassailable—and, however evil their purpose, their achievements work for the benefit of the majority, since the majority is poor and underfed."

"An advantage in one light, but a disadvantage when weighed against the moral effect of their deeds. How long would thrift remain a social virtue if thieves were held deserving of respect?"

"But thrift carried to excess is the vice that thieves unconsciously attempt to cure," replied the prisoner, triumphantly.

Gavan Sterling shook his head. "Security of possession is the one reason for the existence of thrift——"

"And to maintain that security," cried the burglar, "society has invented laws and the police. Behold another use for thieves. Thousands depend upon them for their very bread—lawyers, detectives, policemen, magistrates, judges, even the law-makers."

"All of whom might be better employed elsewhere," responded Gavan Sterling, dourly. "Society cannot be properly accounted as advantaged by a factor that drains its purse."

"Why not, since that very expenditure buys for it security, in that it thins the ranks of thieves?"

"There is a flaw in your argument——"

"A thousand, sir, but I shall not admit them. A few hours back I thought as you—now, I am a thief."

"Quite so; but still——"

"It is a question of the point of view. Why wrangle further, sir? As an honest man, I despised thieves; as a thief, I am bitterly convinced of the best use of thieves, and that is to furnish material for honest men's contumely, to explain the origin of law, to point a moral for the pulpit: lastly, to furnish tenants for the gaols."

"Why did you become a thief?" asked Gavan Sterling suddenly.

The burglar's face turned livid. "My wife is ill—starving, sir," he muttered, brokenly. "For five weeks I have been out of employment. Despair drove me to it."

Gavan Sterling watched him narrowly. "What is your profession?"

"Clerk, sir."

"How old are you?"

A faint light of hope crept into the burglar's eyes. "Twenty-seven. Ah, for God's sake, sir, let me go! I never thieved before, I'm not likely to again—unless—ah! sir, if you could see your wife crouched starving on bare boards, with scarce a rag to cover her, and

not have a bite to give her, would you steal? 'Twas that drove me to it. She'll be lying there wondering and wondering." Suddenly his voice broke into a shrill half-scream. "For God's sake let me go—let me go to her!" he cried.

Gavan Sterling slowly shook his head. "You are a thief. I would rather cut off my right hand."

The burglar seemed to have fainted. He fell back in his chair, his eyes half closed, breathing stertorously, but as quickly sprang to life again and sat erect. "It's not for myself I care," he said, hoarsely. "Long ago I'd have cut my own throat if I could have only left her above want."

"And now?"

"Sir, I swear to you——"

"The oath of a thief! What is that worth? But come, I believe your story, and, in a way, I pity your unfortunate wife." He slowly took from his pocket a small but heavy purse. "In this bag are nine or ten sovereigns." He placed it on the table. "You shall choose your own fate." He opened a drawer of the table and took therefrom two glass bottles. Uncorking them, he mixed portions of their contents on a piece of paper, which he placed upon the table, replacing thereafter the bottles in the drawer, into which he also carefully deposited the gold, the gems, and the platinum which he had rescued from the burglar's clutches. Locking the drawer, he turned to the prisoner, who had watched his movements with breathless attention. "The powder on that paper is composed of aconite and morphia, so commingled as to ensure death, peaceful and painless, within a period of three hours. If you wish it, I shall give you your freedom and that purse, on condition that you swallow the poison immediately. Otherwise, the police-station, the dock, and—I do not think you can escape with less than five years' penal servitude; do you? You perceive that you have the choice between dying to benefit your wife and living to benefit those dependents of your class—the lawyers, magistrates, judges, policemen, and so forth."

The words were bitterly satirical, and Gavan Sterling's face was grimmer than his words. The burglar could discern no hope in either, and his eyes grew bloodshot as he looked upon his captor. A long silence followed, during which the men gazed at each other with fierce intentness; then, the tears coursed slowly down the burglar's cheeks, and, with broken voice, he said, "Give me the powder, sir—and—God forgive you!"

Gavan Sterling drew a deep breath; but he quickly rose and took up the powder from the table. "Open your mouth! So! No; face me, man; I want to see you swallow it. Take a mouthful of whisky."

The burglar almost choked, but recovered himself in time and washed down the potion with a draught of raw spirit. His face had grown scarlet and his limbs trembled. "Your part of the bargain!" he cried, hysterically.

Gavan Sterling slashed at his bonds, and in a second the prisoner was free. He rose painfully from the chair, shivering as with an ague, but eagerly clutched at the promised purse. For a moment he stared at his enemy with an expression of fierce hatred, as though contemplating revenge.

Gavan Sterling read his thought. "I could break you," he said, calm as ice.

The burglar staggered to the door and turned. "I'd rather be myself than you," he muttered, and would have gone, but for a word, sharply uttered: "Stop!"

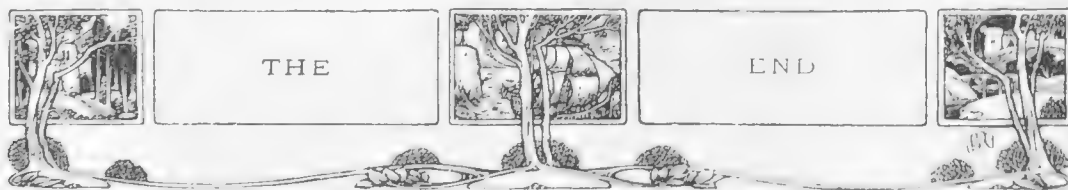
He turned again. "What is it?"

A strange change had come over the face of Gavan Sterling. He was smiling softly, and his steel-grey eyes had grown mild and kind. "It is the point of view," he answered, gently; "you have made me look at your recent act from yours."

"I—I—what——?"

"You were right to steal. Compose yourself, my honest thief; be comforted. The draught you took was not really poison—— Whew, man! brace up—a little whisky——"

But the burglar, with a queer little gasp, threw out his hands and fell swooning to the floor.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S arrangements for his revival of "Hamlet" at the Lyric on May 22 are being rapidly completed, and the leading parts are almost settled. In addition to Mr. Stephen Phillips, who will be the Ghost, and Mr. Harry Paulton, the First Gravedigger, Mr. Harvey will be supported by Mr. Charles Glenney as the King, Mr. Percy Anstey as Horatio, Mr. Fred Wright, the father of many excellent actors, and one of the oldest men in regular harness, seeing that he is seventy-nine, as Polonius, while Mrs. Martin Harvey, who is professionally known as Miss N. de Silva, will be the Ophelia.

The many admirers of Miss Muriel Beaumont will be gratified to learn that she is now so much better that she will soon return to her place in "The Walls of Jericho," at the Garrick Theatre. During her absence, her sister, Miss Evelyn Beaumont, has taken her part in the most satisfactory manner possible.

Our recent article on "The Barrie Players" has brought us two interesting letters. The first is from Miss Irene Vanbrugh—

29B, Wimpole Street, W.

DEAR SIR,—In this week's number of *The Sketch* I see you have an article on "The Barrie Players," in which you give me the place of "head." However, you omit one part I had the honour of playing in Mr. Barrie's plays, and that was in a skit on Ibsen, which he wrote nearly a year before "Walker, London," called "Ibsen's Ghost," in which Mr. J. L. Toole burlesqued Ibsen and I burlesqued Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea in "Hedda Gabler." I believe this was actually the first dramatic work produced with J. M. Barrie as sole author. The manuscript of this work, written by Mr. Barrie himself, I hold as one of my treasures.—Yours faithfully,

IRENE VANBRUGH.

The second comes from Mr. A. W. Baskcomb—

Duke of York's Theatre, W.C.

"THE BARRIE PLAYERS."

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading the above article in the current number of *The Sketch*, and it occurs to me that my connection with Mr. Barrie's plays should have made me eligible for inclusion in your somewhat lengthy list. The following are the particulars: Sneaky Hobart in "The Little Minister" (tour), Ensign Blades in "Quality Street" (tour), Terence Reilly and Earl of Plumleigh in "Little Mary" (tour), Slightly in "Peter Pan," and my present part of Clown in "Pantaloone," which you are kind enough to mention favourably in your review this week. With apologies for troubling you, I remain, truly yours,

A. W. BASKCOMB.

To Editor, *The Sketch*.

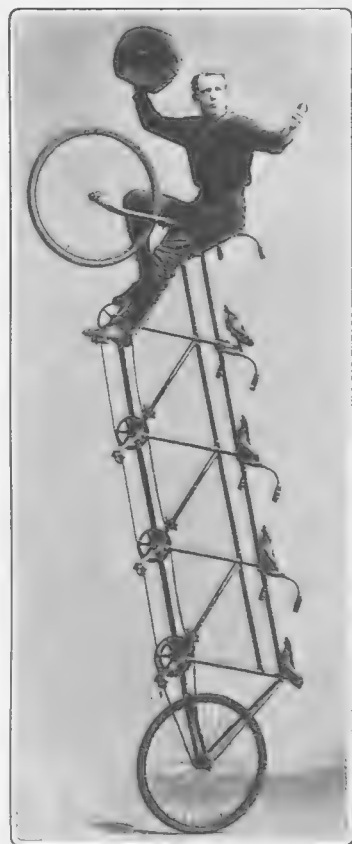
The theatrical chroniclers who have been asserting that Miss Rosina Filippi is about to make her debut as an author are singularly wide of the mark. They must either have no memories or no knowledge of theatrical events during the last few years. As a matter

of fact, Miss Filippi has had several plays produced, amongst them being a fairy-play at the Court, and a Cockney duologue which had a good deal of vogue, first at the theatre and then in one of the Halls, in addition to "Nancy," adapted from Miss Rhoda Broughton's novel. That popular writer has again been drawn upon by Miss Filippi, and "Belinda" will be produced at the Court Theatre on May 15. On the 29th Miss Filippi will again dominate the Court Theatre with "Tableaux from Dante" and scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." For these latter, the dialogue will, in great measure, if not entirely, be that of Lewis Carroll, Messrs. Macmillan, who hold the copyright, having given Miss Filippi permission to use it. She is the first to whom such permission has been accorded since the original production of the dramatisation some years ago.

At the time of the formal opening of the Chevalier Distin Maddick's beautiful theatre, The Scala, on the site of the old Prince of Wales's, rumour associated its probable management with the name of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The gossip is about to be verified, for the popular actor has taken it, and will, no doubt, produce there Mr. H. V. Esmond's "Love and the Man," which he has been acting in America, for he has now secured the English rights of the play, in which Miss Kate Rorke and himself have made noteworthy successes.

Before Mr. Forbes-Robertson opens, however, an opportunity will occur for some of the members of the public who cannot be present on the opening day to see the theatre, for next Sunday (April 30) it will be used by the Playgoers' Club for a Ladies' Concert, and many of the chief actors and actresses will give their services.

Evidence of the extraordinary vogue of Oscar Wilde as a dramatist in Germany, reference to which has already been made on this page, continues to accumulate. "Salome," the one-Act play which Wilde wrote in French for Sarah Bernhardt, has now been turned into an opera by Dr. Richard Strauss, and it will be performed for the first time in Dresden during next winter. The play has not been altered in any way, although it has, naturally, been translated into German, in order that it may be presented to a German audience. While there are rumours in the political world of a growing sympathy between France and Germany, it is especially interesting to note this impending production in Germany of another play originally produced in Paris, for it is only in this way that Art can make its influence felt for the good of the world. In this case, "Salome" has a tripartite interest, seeing that it is the work of an Englishman. Before "Salome" is done as an opera in Germany, however, it will be given as a play in London. The possibility of this was foreshadowed in *The Sketch* last year. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. J. T. Grein, who was interesting himself in the production, has nothing to do with the performances which will be given at the Bijou Theatre, Ladbroke Grove, on May 10 and 13, under the auspices of the New Stage Society. As the play has not been licensed by the Censor, no money will be taken at the doors, and the performances will be, to all intents and purposes, private.



TRICK - CYCLING EXTRAORDINARY : MR. ROBBINS PERFORMING ON A QUAD.

Mr. Robbins, who is touring just now, will appear at the Alhambra shortly. Not only does he perform his tricks on an ordinary bicycle, but he is equally at home on a tandem, a triplet, or a quad. His first visit to this country was made six years ago, when he secured an engagement at the Palace. He was formerly regarded as one of the best all-round athletes in New York, and for five years he was gymnastic instructor to the Y.M.C.A. of that city.

Photograph by Hana.



"THE WHIRL OF DEATH" JUSTIFIES ITS NAME: Mlle. MARCELLE RANDAL, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AFTER COMPLETING HER SENSATIONAL MOTOR-LOOPING TRICK AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

Mlle. Randal had been performing her motor-looping trick, "The Whirl of Death," some weeks, and is said to have fainted frequently at the close of her performance, which consisted of looping the loop on a small 9 h.p. motor-car, in which she was strapped. On the last occasion on which she gave her show she remained seated in the car instead of getting out to take the applause. It was then found that she was ill, and she was removed from the car suffering from congestion of the brain. She died within a few hours, and, as a result, the authorities have decided to forbid such exhibitions in the future.

Photograph by Branger.

KEY-NOTES

THE Morality Play "Everyman," which has been set to music by Dr. Walford Davies, and which has apparently achieved a singular success whithersoever it has travelled, was given a few nights ago at the Queen's Hall. This is, so far as popular appreciation goes, a work which may be described as still in the simmering. With regard to the words, it is absurd to dwell in any sort of way upon the very fine libretto-chosen by Dr. Davies, words which he may be said to have plucked from the flowers of the middle ages. In this matter he is, of course, decidedly on the right side. The next question to be asked is as to how such an absolutely innocent, such a simple and such an elementary libretto should be handled by a modern musician, with all modern musical resources at his disposal, and with every modern thought to be applied to an old-fashioned theme.

In the days of mediævalism, the great problem was not nearly so complex as it is now. In those days, in all the monastic institutions, not only of this island, although we prefer to think of this island chiefly, but in many other places, the difficulty was not so much that the simplicity of the words should rise up to the music, as that the music should descend to the simplicity of the words. All that was before the days of complex harmony; and now the whole position is, naturally, reversed. It is in the reversal of that position that Dr. Davies has, if the pun may be allowed, scored heavily. Of course, one must always remember that simplicity has two definite outlets in art: one is the simplicity which begins at what Mr. Rudyard Kipling would call "the beginning of things," and the other is at that end of all things when man returns to simplicity and innocence of expression after many attempts to make himself complex, not "to be understood of the multitude." "Everyman," as regarded in the light of its literary authorship, belongs to the first sort of simplicity; but as regards its ultimate and musical authorship, as Dr. Walford Davies understands it, it has the double simplicity; and it is for that reason, perhaps, that he was not perfectly understood upon the occasion of its first production at Leeds. Miss Gleeson White, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Lane Wilson sang remarkably well in the solo parts, and the Bach Choir was really excellent, a compliment which it has not always been possible to award to this combination of singers; we hear, however, that a fresh contingent of singers has been added to that choir, a fact which it is

delightful to note, and which would account reasonably for the deflection from enthusiasm and from musical feeling which it was our duty to note some years ago in a certain performance given by this Society of Bach's Mass in B Minor.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society during the present season took place a day or two ago under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen.

Surely this Society must now rank amongst the greatest musical institutions which have ever patronised music and forwarded the designs of various and great composers of music that the world has ever seen. We all remember the famous story of the extreme kindness and sympathy which the Philharmonic Society extended towards Beethoven, when he composed his Choral Symphony for it. Here, indeed, was a great desire for the advancement of the novel things of art. The story is a very old one, and need not be repeated here. It is simply the story of the patronage of a great and individual body towards the greatest musician of the time, and of its immense eagerness to do what it could towards relieving anything that might have been miserable or wretched in the life of one of the great geniuses of the world. One recalls the opening sentence of Macaulay's Essay upon Leigh Hunt's edition of the "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration." "We have a kindness," says Macaulay, "for Mr. Leigh Hunt." It might be something of an impudence to quote such words literally in reference to the Philharmonic Society; nevertheless, the truth must remain, that there has been no combination of musicians, so far as we are aware, which has ever given to music so cordial a support, so charming a patronage, and so generous an outlook as has the Philharmonic Society. Therefore, we have a kindness for that Society. Men come, and men go; and it is perfectly easy for any human being to point out acts of generosity which have been held out towards musicians of the present day by present-day associations. It is in the long historical value of its work that the Philharmonic Society has earned its real reputation. And not only that: neither Dr. Cowen nor the Directors of the Society mean that it shall grow old in its historical reputation; but they mean that modernity shall always follow its footsteps and remain part of the old tradition of which musical England must ever be proud.

Take, for example, the work with which the last concert opened; it was Elgar's Overture, entitled "In the South." Here, at all events, one heard modern music absolutely at its most modern stage; and although Mozart, Tschaikowsky, and Meyerbeer were also represented at the same concert, it was impossible not to recognise that Dr. Cowen, liberal and large-minded musician as he is, had reduced his programme into a sort of unity which excluded everything that was unfitted for a concert upheld by past auspices, and that he had also made it a point to signalise the dignity and the greatness of the Society with which he is so well associated. Mlle. Dolores sang a brilliant little song by Meyerbeer, most unimportant, most commonplace, yet still with that historical value which makes it, from one point of view at all events, somewhat interesting.

COMMON CHORD.



MME. PATTI, WHO HAS BEEN DECORATED WITH THE RIBBON OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR IN RECOGNITION OF HER CHARITABLE WORK IN PARIS.

Baroness Cederström has already received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour from President Loubet, who, on receiving the decree nominating her Foreign Member of the famous Order, is said to have signed it with the remark: "I do this with as much pleasure as I experienced long ago, when I had no grey hairs, and when I heard Mme. Adelina Patti sing in 'Lucia' and in 'La Sonnambula.'" It is difficult to credit the statement that so unerring a diplomatist as President Loubet could make so undiplomatic a remark.

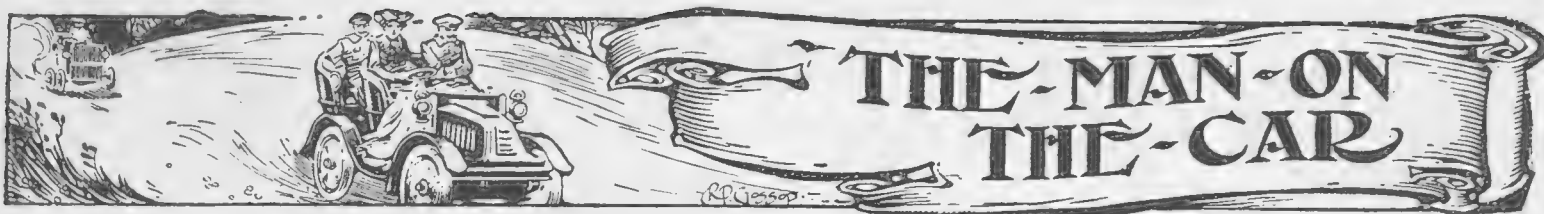
Photograph by Faad Collings.



M. RAOUL PUGNO AND M. JACQUES THIBAUD.

M. Raoul Pugno stands amongst the most delicate pianists of our time. Nothing could be more exquisite than the fashion of his playing. His execution in very brilliant passages has been compared to a shower of pearls; and the best of all is that he thoroughly deserves such an appreciation. M. Jacques Thibaud is decidedly amongst the first violinists of our time. He is very young, and yet his temperament is so musicianly and his technique is so fine that one is almost inclined to rank him amongst the men of long experience, of long thought, and of long meditation.

Photograph by Gerschel, Paris.



MOTOR-BUSES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT—A NOVEL POSTAL SCHEME—THE CARRIAGE OF LUGGAGE—DE DIETRICH V. SIDDELEY—DRIVING TESTS.

A FEW enterprising spirits in Ryde have decided to increase the means of intercommunication in the Isle of Wight by an admirably arranged motor-'bus service. For this purpose seven petrol-propelled Milnes-Daimler motor-'buses have been obtained, and a start was made on Thursday, 13th, when Lady Adela Cochrane, the sister of the Deputy-Governor, inaugurated the venture by herself driving the leading motor-'bus on its first trip. And in right chauffeur-like manner did her Ladyship perform her task, using her change-speed lever, clutch-pedal, and steering-wheel in quite professional style. Only four of the vehicles, which each carry

comfort, a specially-shaped water-proofed wicket basket should be made. It could be over a foot in depth, and, provided with suitable fastenings, could run the whole height of the back-seats. Dresses could be carried therein without crushing.

The coming trial of endurance between M. Paul Meyau's De Dietrich and Mr. Siddeley's Siddeley over some three thousand miles of road in France and England is arousing more than ordinary interest. M. Paul Meyau is the Editor of that interesting automobile journal, *La France Automobile*, and was moved to issue the challenge accepted by Mr. Siddeley by a statement in the *Times* to the effect that a British automobile held the world's record for reliability. Well, in the face of the two-cylinder Siddeley car's wonderful 5000-miles' performance the *Times* was warranted in the assertion made, and everybody feels that it is a very sporting challenge on the part of M. Meyau. The car he proposes to pit against any English-built car is his own four-cylinder De Dietrich, which he has been driving in season and out of season during the past twelve months. The event will be watched with the greatest interest in this country, if only by reason of the high esteem De Dietrich cars have obtained here, thanks to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts.

None too soon has the Automobile Club come forward with a scheme for testing the driving capabilities of car-owners and chauffeurs



SECOND IN THE RACE IN WHICH A WORLD'S RECORD WAS BROKEN AT MONTE CARLO: "LA RAPIÈRE."

The recent race for the "championship of the sea" is said to have been of a most exciting nature. "La Rapière," which, like the winner, was fitted with a Panhard-Levassor motor, finished 51 minutes 14 seconds behind the leading craft.

Photograph by Branger.

thirty-six passengers, have been delivered up to the present, the remaining three being anxiously awaited.

But the rapid and comfortable transport of holiday visitors is not the only boon that this undertaking will render the inhabitants of all parts of the Island touched by the services. A contract has been entered into with the Postmaster-General for the carriage of a letter-box upon each vehicle, so that letters may be posted therein at every stopping-place on any of the journeys, or even *en route* if the vehicle is not travelling too fast to permit the missive being dropped into the vermilion box. One must pause to realise just what this means to the villages touched by the 'buses. It means, in fact, that these places will now have as many postal collections as Ryde itself, in lieu of but one per day as heretofore. The Motor Syndicate will also collect and deliver parcels at and from dépôts, and for this purpose the 'buses are fitted with huge baskets placed on the canopy over the driver. It certainly does appear that the Isle of Wight Express Motor Service has arrived to fill a long-felt want. Illustrations of the 'buses will be found in "Small Talk of the Week."

The question of the carriage of luggage on a motor-car when touring, particularly when ladies are of the party, requires some thought and consideration. In the ordinary open-tonneau car there is really very little stowage-room, and it is best to have a drop-down luggage-carrier fitted in the rear of the car and suspended by guy-ropes. I have seen baggage carried very comfortably on a frame over the bonnet, but this is, of course, a nuisance if the engine requires much attention during the day's run. With side-entrance cars and the long, wide side-steps now so generally fitted, ample accommodation is provided for two large packages, at least, on the off-side step, and, there being no rear entrance, an ample swinging baggage-shelf can be fitted in rear of the vehicle. Again, there is usually plenty of space in the back, between the front-seat and the passengers' feet, although, for



BREAKER OF A WORLD'S RECORD IN THE RACE FOR THE "CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SEA" AT MONTE CARLO: THE "PANHARD-LEVASSOR."

By covering 200 kilomètres (roughly, 125 miles) in 4 hours 22 minutes 54 seconds, the "Panhard-Levassor," steered by M. Tellier, the elder, broke world's record for vessels of the size over such a distance. This same vessel sank during the motor-boat handicap, her efforts in the great race having so strained her that a tear suddenly made an appearance in her hull. Her three occupants had narrow escapes from drowning.

Photograph by Branger.

and issuing certificates as to proficiency in the handling of cars. The Act of 1903 and the Local Government Board Regulations which subsequently amplified that measure made no provision for verifying the skill of those to whom driving-licences were granted. Indeed, it is well known that, in a spirit of mild buffoonery, some person interested himself so much in the question that he went out of his way to obtain a licence for a blind man. Of course, if the Club-certificate scheme comes to be recognised by the authorities, much will be gained, for that peril exists to-day upon the high-road, due to the unskilful driving of novices, cannot be denied. We hear every day of cars being taken out upon the public road to be driven by owners and hired men who have but their lever-motions by rôle, coupled with some idea as to the direction in which the steering-wheel should be turned. The possession of a Club-certificate will, undoubtedly, make for the best interests of its holder in Courts of Law. At present, the examination procedure has not been formulated, and until this is done I withhold my final opinion on the scheme.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN—THE NEW STEWARD—TEA—NEW MEETINGS.

I DO not fancy Dean Swift for the City and Suburban, although I should like Morton to train the winner of this race, as he has had a long run of bad luck. Nabot has a taking appearance for the race on paper, and if he does not meet with any interference he should be there or thereabouts, as it is just his course and the weight will not stop him. The French tip for the race is Ob, whose owner won here with Brambilla two years back. I am told that Blackwell was very disappointed at the defeat of Pharisee at Liverpool, and this horse will have to be reckoned with. Maher, by-the-bye, rides much better on the round course than he does on the straight one. M. Cannon, who rides St. Emilion, is fond of his chance. The horse is too wayward to trust, and I doubt if he would have been weeded out of Lord Carnarvon's stable if he had been a smasher. St. Emilion is trained at Epsom by Parkes, who used to be a Church of England clergyman, and is a very popular sportsman. Lord Carnarvon, by-the-bye, has Laveuse in the race; and he should know which was the better of the pair. Another Epsom-trained animal is Ambition, who belongs to Mr. Blenkinsop. He is a very fast horse, and a good performer on the course. It would indeed be a feather in the cap of Willie Nightingall to train the winner, and I think the horse has a big chance. Nightingall has Lucinda in the stable, who could tell him the time of day; and if Ambition is fit, I think he will take a lot of beating. I shall split my vote between Nabot and Ambition, and shall expect Pharisee to get a place—that is, if he is ridden out, and I think in big races all the animals should be ridden to the bitter end, for the sake of the little punters who back them each way.

Many leading Turfites hoped that the Earl of Durham would have taken on a further three-year term as Steward of the Jockey Club, as his Lordship is a real live Turf senator of the forward school. Lord Durham believes in reform not for its own sake, but on the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. The starting-gate, cheaper rings at Newmarket, and licensed trainers are some of Lord Durham's suggestions, and these will, if I am not mistaken, bear good fruit in the near future. Lord Durham nominated as his successor Sir James Miller, who is one of the luckiest men on the Turf. Sir James won the Derby at the first time of asking by the aid of Sainfoin. Mr. Joe Davis, the managing-director of Hurst Park, had dreamed that this colt had won the Derby, and he induced Sir James to buy him out of the Kingsclere stable. John Porter thought Sainfoin was certain to be beaten at Epsom by Surefoot; but the latter cut up badly, and Sir James Miller's colt won cleverly. Sir James

won the treble event with Rock Sand and the Cesarewitch with Chaleureux, who was purchased from a well-known sporting journalist. Sir James Miller bought his Newmarket residence from the late John Watts, the jockey, who, by-the-bye, had spent thousands of pounds on the building. The new Steward of the Jockey Club knows the game well. His brother, Mr. John Miller, at one time raced largely.

As one of the original agitators to get tea served on racecourses, I would suggest to refreshment-contractors that they might give us the comforting article now that the tax on tea has been lowered. I attended a race-meeting, of which I am a member, for pleasure recently, and was looking for tea, when I saw the stuff being carted

to the pavilion in a large saucepan. It seems that a big dose of tea was put into cold water, which was then boiled, and the decoction doled out to members as succulent Souchong. Champagne drinkers are not treated thus, so long as they stick to their beverage; then why should we be neglected? I suggest to Clerks of Courses that they should compel the refreshment people to provide good food and drink at reasonable prices all round. The Sandown Park people do their own catering, and they do it well. This,

in a measure, will account for the big crowds which attend even the jumping-meetings on the Esher slopes.

An attempt is, I believe, to be made to run a meeting at Hull under National Hunt Rules, and I am told the new meeting at Newbury is very likely to prove a big success, as the majority of the leading owners and trainers have promised to give it their hearty support. It is passing strange that racing does not flourish in the West of England. The open meetings at Salisbury and Bath are small affairs when compared with the racing of the Park meetings, and even the patronage of the Bibury Club has not helped the Salisbury Meeting very much. I think it was a thousand pities the members of the Bibury Club ever left their old home at Stockbridge. The managers of the Portsmouth Park Meeting should have some fixtures under Jockey Club Rules, and, if they could get the Saturday in each Goodwood Week, they would make enough to pay the expenses of the enclosure for twelve months. I ran a horse or two in flat-races here when the course was first built, but the going at that time was execrable. All that has been altered, and I am told the track is now good and safe. I should say the Jockey Club would grant a permit, provided a bridge for carriage-traffic were built over the railway. CAPTAIN COE.



BRITAIN'S COMING GUEST, THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN, INDULGING IN HIS FAVOURITE SPORT: WAITING HIS TURN TO FIRE.

The King of Spain has inherited his father's remarkably sure eye and steady hand, and he is already one of the best shots in his kingdom. Alfonso XIII. is rich in great sporting-estates, and he enjoys nothing better than entertaining a party of friends in those of his country palaces which are within easy reach of Madrid. From this point of view, it is, perhaps, a pity that His Most Catholic Majesty is coming to this country at a time when he can enjoy none of our typical British sports, but doubtless in days to come he will visit England in the autumn, if only in order to take part in one of our Sovereign's great shooting-parties at Sandringham or Windsor.

Photograph by the "Nuevo Mundo."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE independence of attitude which men can assume towards weather of any sort impresses itself afresh on one's envious mind every time one goes into the country. This last week, spent delightfully amongst friends in a wind-swept, hill-top country-house, brought the matter intimately to mind, seeing the distressing pranks played with one's fringe by rude east winds, while the mere

of lace or guipure with the costume. These can be hooked in and out at pleasure; they fit tightly to the arm, and are both convenient and becoming.

The past few days of coldish weather have resulted in quite a little epidemic of half-season mantelettes and small silk coatees. They appear chiefly in the new soft taffetas, black, white, and champagne-colour, some trimmed with lace, others with narrow velvet ribbons, and the smartest with *broderie Anglaise* worked in different, pale-toned silks, which give an uncommonly *chic* effect.

Talking of *chic*, if that word could with suitability be applied to our internal as well as to our sartorial surroundings, I would use it in connection with some altogether exquisite and original designs for electric-lighting which were obtained from the artistic firm of J. S. Henry, 287, Old Street, E.C. The lamps and fittings generally were seen in a friend's house, and immediately attracted attention by their elegance and uncommon design. Just as the artistic firm of Heal and Sons has re-discovered the possibilities of the modern bedstead, so Mr. J. S. Henry has replaced the familiar ugliness of the common or garden brass or black electric-bracket by absolutely delightful designs wrought in wood and metal combined. He has, moreover, issued a series of booklets illustrating this departure, and these can be had on application at Old Street. The little brochures, numbered one to five, are daintily held in a crimson case, and each offers an object-lesson in



[Copyright.]

A DAINY MUSLIN GOWN WITH INSERTIONS OF LACE.

man's independent habit of hair, innocent of fringe-nets, toupée, or "transformation," was an object-lesson in freedom and liberty to the carefully adjusted women of the house-party. A sensible tailor-frock on one smart woman of the party resolved itself into a Lincoln-green cloth, the little cut-away coat showing a beautifully fitting white piqué vest, with shirt to match, a tie of blue-green shot silk, and a smart straw-hat bunched at one side with peacock feathers. Another bewitching effect was arrived at in a light, thin, champagne-coloured cloth, the bodice swathed, draped, and gathered in the new style, the sleeves and collar-belt piped with sapphire velvet, and a dainty pill-box hat, done in velvet to match rosette, with an aigrette of laurel-leaves and pale-blue rosebuds.

There is an old superstition about the luck of wearing something new on Easter morn, and it used to be a rule that something never worn before graced the morn "when the sun danced for joy." A survival of that primitive custom is still to be found in the decisive leaning towards new fashions obviously animating the sex at this moment. The feeling largely runs to hats, and, even if a frock is not forthcoming, few girls will go without the solatium of a millinery masterpiece, whatever their means, at the present date of *demi-saison*.

The already well-established mode of elbow-sleeves which necessitate long gloves, though undoubtedly smart, is found by many rather inconvenient, as it makes it impossible to wear most of one's gowns indoors. To obviate this, French dressmakers now send home gauntlets, or, more correctly speaking, half-sleeves,



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL TAILOR-MADE OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.

the possibilities of electric lighting when committed to capable and cultured taste. No one going into a new house, or on the point of installing electric-light in his own, should miss seeing the booklets aforesaid; each is an epitome of high artistic achievement.

Now that the penitential season of Lent is nearly over, a good many dancing fixtures are on the *débutante's* horizon, and dress-makers are immersed in oceans of gauze and smothered in billows of diaphanous lace. The ladies of fashion are trying to introduce

a régime of Watteau panniers and petticoats for evening, leaving glorified early Victorian effects for *plein-air* occasions. No less than three gowns with hip-panniers have I interviewed this week, all from Paris, each from a different monarch of the mode. The most enthralling was in pale-blue brocade, with a petticoat of blue chiffon over mauve and flounces of Mechlin. The side draperies were quaintly gathered into poufs with silver cords, and the fair-haired wearer looked like the reincarnation of a Greuze portrait.



THE CHALLENGE-CUP FOR THE BUENOS AYRES LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.

The cup here shown was made to the order of the Buenos Ayres Lawn-Tennis Club by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, W. To be won outright the cup must be taken five times, and it carries with it the championship of the River Plate. The cup played for last year was won outright by Mr. E. Stanley Knight, who, it is thought, will make a bold bid for the new trophy in May.

is not surprising that Fuller's Regent Street house should have become a fashionable rendezvous even in the comparatively short time it has been opened to the appreciative "B.P."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

GLOBE-TROTTER.—The most convenient form of tooth-cleanser when travelling is the "O. S. Tooth Block." It can be had anywhere, and is put up in small, compact tin boxes. Most excellent for the teeth.

SYBIL.

When the King has finished his tour in the Mediterranean, he will, as at present arranged, spend a couple of days in Paris. His Majesty will stay at the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, and orders have been given to get ready the rooms and the carriages for his use.

The magnificent tapestries at the British Embassy in Paris, which date from the eighteenth century and reproduce pictures by Teniers, were sent to the Gobelins manufactory to be repaired when the decorations of the Embassy were begun. They are masterpieces of the art, five in number, and their subjects are "The Fishers," "The Market-woman," "The Farmyard," "The Smokers," and "The Well." They are to be hung in the dining-room.

The general trend of well-informed medical opinion on the vexed question of appendicitis is distinctly in favour of a microbial invasion of the appendix as the direct exciting cause of what is, undoubtedly, the disease of the moment. Going a step further back, the harmful microbes are usually traceable to some foregoing intestinal trouble, of which the commonest form is constipation. It is equally well recognised in the medical world that one of the simplest and best methods for the prevention or cure of constipation is the morning draught of Hungarian aperient water. Therefore it follows that Hunyadi János, the prototype of these waters, as it has been aptly called, is the best preventative of appendicitis.

The Dunlop Tyre Company has just been favoured with a contract for the supply of motor-tyres to the War Office.

American visitors to this country—to say nothing of Britishers touring their own land—should arm themselves with "Historic Sites and Scenes of England," issued by the Great Western Railway Company, and intended, in the first place, for our American cousins. Well illustrated, brightly written, and excellently printed, it should be invaluable to those who prefer to travel with their eyes open to historic sights.

The May number of that popular illustrated magazine for gentlewomen, the *Boudoir*, is now on sale. As usual, it contains numerous interesting articles, and there is, in addition, an offer of ten prizes, to the total value of one hundred guineas, to golfers. Lady players of the Royal and Ancient Game should certainly not miss this.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

IS Dickens to furnish the next boom in the theatrical world? It would seem to be the case, for on May 8 Mr. Robert Arthur will lend the attractiveness of the Kennington Theatre to the series of adaptations of Dickens's novels, prepared by Mr. Oswald Brand, and produced with no little success at the Grand Theatre, Islington. Dickens's stage popularity would seem to be more than purely English just now, in view of the fact that an adaptation of "Little Dorrit," by Schonhau, is underlined for production at the Burg Theatre, Vienna, and an English version has been prepared from it by Miss Sybil Ruskin.

The Duke of Marlborough has given fresh proof of his ability this Session as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. It is not easy to convince cynics of the ability of Dukes, but the recent speech made on the Fiscal Question by Mr. Lyttelton's colleague was admired by all the Peers on account of its adroitness and neatness. His Grace thinks clearly and phrases cleverly, and his gestures are agreeable. He succeeded Lord Onslow at the Colonial Office in 1903, and for several years previously had been Paymaster-General. As he is only thirty-four and is industrious and ambitious, he may go far. Many of the Churchills have a genius for politics, and the head of the house is evidently not inclined to allow his cousin to be the sole spokesman of the family in Parliament. No doubt, his wife, who is a daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, assists the Duke socially in his career.

The idea of having a separate Court for juvenile offenders is such a happy one that it is a matter for regret that we should have waited so long to follow the lead of America in the matter. Most of the good points of the innovation have been pointed out already, but it is difficult not to think of one hitherto overlooked. With all deference to our painstaking magistrates, it must be hard for any man, who is being perplexed and disgusted by the crimes or follies of the old, to keep an even mind when the young come up side by side with their elders. He is dealing with criminals, and the children come before him tarred with the same brush as the rest. Where a Court exists for the reclamation or admonition of the young, the moral atmosphere is more clear and the youngsters must get a better chance. They have something of the privilege that belongs to their years, and their Judge has not had his nerves set on edge by the depravity of past-masters in crime. He is not so much the avenger of outraged authority as the man whose privilege it is to keep the sheep from mingling with the goats. It would be well if some of this new-born consideration for children were extended to the procedure of the Central Criminal Court, where children are admitted as witnesses and cross-examined in cases of which they should have no knowledge at all.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

After R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



WATERLOO:

THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

BETWEEN the Easter holidays and the uncertainty of the Eastern war position, there has been general dullness in every market except Yankees, which nothing can stop. In the Foreign section every day's delay makes holders of Japanese more uneasy, and brings home to them what we said last week, that their money is on the risk of a naval battle.

AMERICAN DANGERS.

Dangerous though it may be to go a bear of Yankees at the present time, we are very much inclined to believe that the market is wavering to its fall. The gamble in Union Pacifics was well enough so long as the price went up and the bulls were able to take profits, but, as Unions have been the "show" share of the Yankee Market for strength, so must their decline powerfully affect sentiment in other descriptions all up the list. Failure of the new issue of 100 million dollars Preferred stock must strike a blow at the Yankee Market from which no quick recovery could be expected; and there seems to be, now, every chance of the public refusing to subscribe this huge amount. Other prices hang upon that of Unions, which have quite assumed the rôle of market leaders, although the shares have come under the control of a clique whose objective is, perhaps, a coup on the lines of the Northern Pacific corner.

Where the bulls in the American Market have the firmest ground for their confidence is to be found in the cheapness of money and the heavy investment demand for good stocks on the other side of the pond. Apparently the American private capitalist is content to put his accumulating cash into Illinois, New York Central, and Pennsylvania shares, irrespective of whatever "deals" happen to be on the cards. The correspondents who write from New York, Boston, Chicago, and other United States centres are unanimous in their tributes to the voracity of their public for shares above the level of mere speculation. This is the strongest bull point, but, even allowing for its potency, the critic is forced to the conclusion that inflated prices can have only one end, and that intrinsic merits are bound to tell sooner or later.

ELECTRIC STOCKS AND THE "INDUSTRIAL AREA."

From time to time the claims of Electric Lighting Companies' shares have been urged here as worth close study by the investor. Within the last few weeks, this usually so steady section has had its prices rudely disturbed by fears arising out of the new Electric Power Bill for London, which is now under consideration by the authorities. So unreasoning has this apprehension grown that even shares in a concern like Edmundson's (which does a country business) have fallen in price, while weakness overtook shares such as Westminster Electric, St. James's, Notting Hill, and others whose companies can scarcely suffer more than a mere trifle, and that quite indirectly. The Bill, if it passes, will only affect those undertakings which operate in what is called the "Industrial Area," of which Lambeth may, perhaps, be called a typical part. The South London Electric Supply Company, the South Metropolitan, the London Electric, and possibly the City branch of the Charing Cross Electric Company—these may possibly feel the result of the competition (should it materialise), but even with these concerns it seems more than likely that a healthy rivalry may do them good rather than harm. As regards the West-End Companies, however, the scare is entirely needless.

While touching upon Electric matters, we may remark that the British Electric Traction report is now engaging the attention of the directors, and, from what we hear, that document may turn out better than some people are expecting. But we should not raise too high an estimate of the dividend on the Ordinary shares. Bruce, Peebles, and Co. are said to have a new issue in the air, and if

Preference shares are offered at par we shall not be immensely astonished. There is a little host of new Industrials waiting to be launched when the public has settled down after the holidays.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

For business to not wake up after the holidays would, no doubt, be all in the general order of cussedness of things, but it would cause unlimited disappointment. There is not much more time in which we of the Stock Exchange may reasonably expect to gather in a little hay before the racing season, more holidays, and the approach of summer tend "to narrow the channels of interest for investor and speculator alike." If that last phrase be not journalese of the best, then I am no scribe versed in the jargon of the trade. By the way, a word of acknowledgment is certainly due to the improvement in the *Financial News* this year. On former occasions I have dared to criticise that journal in terms paternally severe; and, therefore, I am more or less bound to notice the general advance in the tone of the paper, which has coincided with fresh enterprise and energy in other directions.

Those who keep a sharp eye upon the probabilities contained in the future are noting, with considerable attention, the development in the direction of Electric Power Companies. The County of Durham issue, which was made two or three weeks ago, was a great success, and the Preference already stand at a genuine premium of 7s. 6d., while the Ordinary are 5s. premium. South Wales Power shares, to which a good deal of space was given in these columns last autumn, are not better than 8½, thanks to the very meagre information conveyed in the last report. The Chairman certainly made a full and exhaustive speech at the meeting, but the report is the thing which is studied, and, in my humble view, the South Wales directors committed a grave error of judgment in not giving a more detailed account, in the report, of the Company's progress. But that those shares will eventually go well over their par value of £10 I have no more doubt than that the Debenture stock, now standing at 110, will reach 120. Another Electric share worth noticing is the River Plate Electric Ordinary. The Company at present pays nothing on these shares, but the lately issued report shows how £4,000 has been placed to a Contingency Fund and £3,265 carried forward, a steady improvement upon the previous year. At present, these Ordinary can be bought for half-a-sovereign. Add sixpence a share as 5 per cent. interest for a year, and at the end of a twelve-month the holder is likely to find himself rewarded with a 50 per cent. profit. Speculators, as a rule, do not like shares they must take up and put away: wherein speculators do not invariably display the most acute wisdom.

What Northern Securities may be quoted at after the holidays—how I wish I knew! Elaborate figures were placed before me the other day to prove that the exact value of the shares is 204: the explicit calculation of that final four dollars carries conviction at once. But the saying about facts being only one degree less misleading than figures seems to come in here rather appropriately, and even American statistics may turn out incorrectly. Hazlitt declared that the art of lying is the strongest acknowledgment of the force of truth, from which axiom it is easy to see how ardently Wall Street speculators worship at the well of the unadorned goddess. Yet, with the Yankee Market in its present temper, one hesitates to deride tips from the other

side to buy Southern Pacifics, Baltimores, and—whisper it softly—Little Trunks.

So far, I have not observed any particular rush on the part of the public to buy Theatre and Music-hall shares now that Lent is over. It is not a little curious that Coliseum shares should have failed to appeal to any wide circle of investment interest. Although the share-list comprises plenty of London names, the market here is so narrow that bargains have sometimes to be undone in the country, there being freer dealings in Glasgow and Liverpool than in Throgmorton Street, a mile or two away from the theatre itself. Coliseum shares are hardly the things for the old lady to buy who writes to her broker saying that she has a little money to invest in some security which is perfectly safe and pays not less than six per cent. on the money. Amusement shares of any kind make precarious holdings, and they should never be bought to pay anything but a thumping rate, because the fickleness of the public taste makes the entertainment business a more than ordinarily risky one.

Mention of Lent reminds me how Fate and a client led me into the midst of some four-score little Jewish boys the other day, to amuse, help, and guide whom and their companions quite a number of Stock Exchange men are giving part of their spare time every week. A fairly wide acquaintance with the species Boy would probably lead the observer to the conclusion that these Jewish youngsters were very hard to beat for smartness and intelligence. Poorest of the poor as were some of them, they displayed a sturdy independence in regard to the matter of money which made one feel sorry they should ever unlearn it as they grew up. They entertained me with bright sketches of how the Passover was kept: how they had to eat bitter herbs in remembrance of the Israelites' bitter lot in Egypt, and how these same bitter herbs had to be eaten with the nose held very tightly, and even then the tears streamed down one's cheeks because of the bitterness of the horse-radish. They said there were cups of wine passed round, into which each boy had to dip his finger ten times in memory of the Ten Plagues, and they furnished lurid, modern accounts of those plagues which would certainly have upset the gravity of Pharaoh himself. Apples and almonds are ground together to represent the mortar used in making



ASKING FOR MORE: JOHN BULL AND HIS EXPENSIVE PUPILS.

bricks, and as to the "motzas"—I am not quite certain about the spelling—well, they were all very well for a day or two, but at the end of the week everybody was simply howling for bread with leaven in it, although you may eat *Koscher* butter with the Passover cake unless you happen to be very *froom* indeed. There are scores of Christian Brigades and Clubs in London which do a magnificent work amongst the Young Englanders denied all advantages except those they can wring from the stony hands of a niggard Existence, but I doubt whether there are many efforts which deserve better of the community than the splendid self-sacrifice of a band of men toiling enthusiastically in the heart of the East-End amongst these little Jewish chaps. One feels a glow of reflected virtue at the fact that the House is "in" this, just as it is in most of the other good things of this life.

One of the few mines which can nearly always be depended upon to furnish whatever may be necessary is *Burdett*. The *Stock Exchange Official Intelligence* is a mine of intelligence that occasionally causes disappointment, but not often. Digging about in its pages a day or two ago, I managed to extract the following table of revenue and expenditure in some of the Australasian Colonies, Canada, Natal, and the Cape. The statistics, presented in this cold-blooded manner of so much revenue and so much expenditure per head, are worth studying by those who watch the Colonial market with any degree of care. *Burdett* gives a variety of foot-notes, explaining that the financial years differ in the dates of their conclusion, and so forth, but the point lies in these statistics being the latest obtainable, and they can be printed without comments that are only confusing—

Colony.	Revenue.		Expenditure.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
New South Wales ..	7	18 9	8	1 2
Queensland	6	18 0	7	4 1
Tasmania	5	15 5	5	17 10
Victoria	5	15 1	5	11 10
Western Australia ..	17	8 1	18	1 2
New Zealand	8	12 5	7	15 7
Canada	2	7 10	1	17 5
Cape of Good Hope ..	4	17 9	4	13 7
Natal	4	3 4	4	18 1

I think these figures make it pretty clear why the Colonies have to offer such good terms nowadays if they want to score any success with their loans. Canada, of course, stands in a very different position, but the two South Africans go under much the same category as the Australasians.

While the final for the Cup was being played at the Crystal Palace on April 15, two doughty Stock Exchange elevens met in a football match at Palmer's Green. A team from the office of Messrs. Millar and Llewellyn played one drawn from the staff of Messrs. Harris, De Fabeck, and Morris. The jobbers won. These inter-office matches are surely deserving of cultivation and encouragement, and the more of them there are the better. Few of the other old stagers amongst us think more regretfully of days when they legged it after the lively leather than does THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY.

We were prevented by want of space last week from calling attention to the important questions raised in the circular issued by the Debenture-holders' Committee of this railway. The market-price of the Bonds has fallen to such an extent that it is important for holders to take some steps to protect their position, and we do not wonder the matter has been taken in hand, nor are we surprised at the statement made by the Committee that the last coupon was not earned. The only wonder is that any traffic at all goes over the line—not that the volume is so small, for, according to the Committee, the rates are fixed to prevent competition with the Cape lines; in other words, the charge from Beira to Gwelo, a distance of 523 miles, is the same as from Port Elizabeth, a distance of 1,313 miles, and, as the shipping ring keeps the sea-freights to the Cape ports a trifle under those to Beira, it is cheaper to use the long land-route, and the whole object of the Beira line is frustrated. If this had been fairly stated when the money was raised to build the line, no one but a lunatic would have provided a shilling. The Committee are hopeful that the Board will see the absurdity of their present policy, but, inasmuch as the Chartered Company more or less controls the directorate, we have doubts on the point, although the desirable return to common-sense may be assisted by the pressure of public opinion among the holders of the Beira Company's securities.

If the line were managed upon sound principles, and rates regulated by haulage distance, about one-tenth of the Rhodesian traffic would go by the Cape, and all the rest through Beira, and by degrees that tenth would flow in its natural channel, and Beira would get it all.

The Bonds are to bearer, and it is important that the Committee should be in touch with the holders; hence it seems reasonable to urge all persons interested to send their names and addresses to the Secretary, at 39, Coleman Street, so that something like a register can be constructed, and steps concerted for mutual protection.

Thursday, April 20, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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MOCKTA.—You can buy certain English Corporation Loans or good Colonials, such as Queensland or Cape, or Railway Preference stocks (say London and Tilbury), or Indian Railway Guaranteed (say Indian Midland), to give you the return you require. The Bank would, no doubt, give 3½ per cent. for deposits, and is quite safe, but we prefer the stocks.

E. J.—(1) See this week's Notes. (2) The people are touts of the worst kind, and their gambles mere swindles.

MAY.—Your list is a good one, but many of the stocks are hard to sell. No. 9 we advise you to leave out.

C. R. L.—We will make inquiries and reply next week.

NOTE.—In consequence of going to press early this week, we must ask correspondents whose letters remain unanswered to forgive us.

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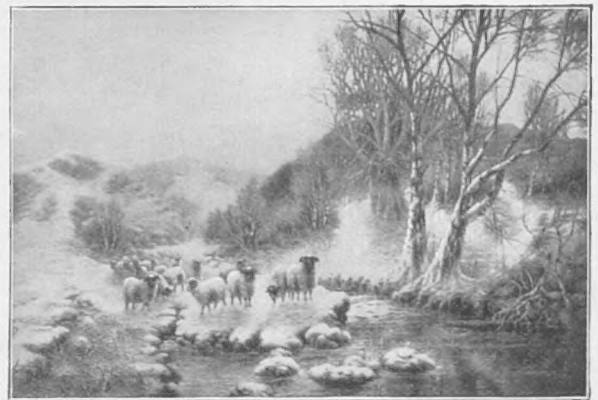


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